

THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

This Journal is supplied Weekly, or Monthly, by the principal Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the Kingdom; but to those who may desire its immediate transmission by post, we beg to recommend the LITERARY GAZETTE, printed on stamped paper, price One Shilling.

No. 289.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1822.

PRICE 8d.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miscellaneous Notices relating to China, and our Commercial Intercourse with that Country; including a few Translations from the Chinese Language. By Sir George T. Staunton, Bart. 2d edition, enlarged. 8vo. pp. 432. London 1822. J. Murray.

These miscellanies embrace important questions, but are exceedingly unconnected, and in few instances pursued to that sort of practical application which would have stamped them with a greater public value. The first part of the volume touches on the literature of China, the second part on the Tea-trade; and though the *Blues* no doubt will be able to trace the close alliance between letters and tea-lapping, we confess that this infusion of the two together seems odd to us. It looks as if the warehouses of Paternoster Row and Leadenhall Street were thrown into one magazine: as if the classical pun inscribed on a caddy, of *Tu Doces, thou Tea-Chest*, were in reality a single idea. It is true, however, that literature has become more commercial than in ancient days; that it employs its Travellers as well as Manufacturers; and that therefore among the imports from China we may not unappropriately class together Yung-tching's Sacred Instructions and Bohea, the Annals of Tong-wha-loo and Hysson, the Ta-tsing-hoey-tien, or Civil Code, and Gunpowder of the finest flavour. The intercourse between our Celestials (the *Blues*) and the Celestial Empire would thus be comprised in a happy union; criticism would assume the new shape of a Tariff, and Duties and Scandals would go hand in hand. The outpourings of learning and of tea would be simultaneous; Wordsworth's pastorals would float on the steams of Green, and Byron's infernals dilate in the vapours of Black; ghost and goblin stories would be saucer-eyed, politics hot in the pot, some hissing as well as spouting mingled with the drama, novels diluted, polemics among the stops, and many other coincidences attendant upon the extracts of either leaves. And this might be called a Genuine Tea Company; but it is not Sir George Staunton's view of the subject, and to that we revert.

In the Preface we have the authority of this gentleman, and few authorities are so good, that "the sanguinary peculiarity commonly imputed to the Chinese laws, of requiring in every case of homicide indiscriminately, blood for blood, is entirely a groundless assumption," and that the attempts of the local government at Canton to put such a construction of them in force against foreigners may always be successfully resisted, unless they spring from other motives, and connect themselves with the curious and cunning policy of the country.

The first literary paper is a translation of a portion* of the Emperor Yung-tching's Book of Sacred Instructions, which exhibits the social compact in China as strikingly formed on patriarchal principles and the doctrine of implicit filial obedience. The following specimen of it is worthy quoting as supra-Chinese:—

"This filial piety is a doctrine from Heaven, the consummation of earthly justice, the grand principle of action among mankind. The man who knows not piety to parents, can surely not have considered the affectionate hearts of parents towards their children. When still infants in arms, hungry, they could not feed themselves; cold, they could not clothe themselves; but they had then parents who watched the sounds of their voice, and studied the traits of their countenance; who were joyful when they smiled; afflicted when they wept; who followed them step by step, when they moved; who, when they were sick or in pain, refused food and sleep on their account. Thus were they nursed and educated until they grew up to manhood. . . .

"The sons of men who would repay but one ten-thousandth part of this parental kindness, ought to devote to it internally all their heart, and externally to apply to it all their strength—They ought to be frugal and temperate in their persons, and diligent in performing their labours, that they may always possess the means of evincing their pious regard to their parents, whenever their assistance is required. . . .

"This may be traced in all its extent. Thus, it has been said by *Tseng Tse*, 'In our general conduct, not to be orderly is to fail in filial piety; in serving our sovereign, not to be faithful, is to fail in filial piety; in the performance of the duty of a magistrate, not to be careful, is to fail in filial piety; in the intercourse of friends, not to be sincere, is to fail in filial piety; in arms and in battle, not to be valorous, is to fail in filial piety. All these things are no more than so many portions of a pious son's duty.'"

The next paper describes the Chinese game, *Tsuey-Moey*, resembling the *Morra* of the Italians, of which they are passionately fond.

But the most interesting essay is on the Chinese trade (the others being merely scraps); and, although written in 1813, so great is the intelligence of the author, it seems as if it were addressed to the discussion of all the important points which have recently occupied so much attention. In one place particularly, after speaking of the jealousy and suspicions of the Chinese, he observes—

"We must not be blind to the difficulties and dangers to which this state of things has

* A version of the whole work has since been published by one of the Missionaries resident at Malacca.

exposed, and continues to expose, our commercial interests in China, though we may safely admire the wisdom or the good fortune, by which we have been hitherto extricated from them. We must recollect, how the Japanese (a nation in many respects similar to the Chinese) to this day exclude from their ports all those nations of Europe (a remnant of the Dutch excepted) whom they once so readily admitted: how, more recently, the Chinese themselves have excluded our own ships from the port of Chusan, and the Russian ships from all the Chinese ports, and this upon occasions of apparently little or no provocation.

"We must, further, recollect all the various characteristic traits of the Chinese, which conspire to tell us, that the prosperity of a distant province, and the comparatively small contribution which our trade makes to the national revenue, would be esteemed by them as nothing in the scale, when weighed against the hazard of continuing to permit any species of foreign intercourse, which was supposed capable of detaching the people from their government, and from the usages and institutions of their ancestors, or of, in any other way, disturbing the existing order of things in the empire.

"Upon this view of the subject, we shall be disposed to infer, not that the danger is doubtful or remote, but that the means by which it has been averted are excellent, and that those means ought, accordingly, to be diligently traced and carefully adhered to.

"In other words, since we have, under circumstances so little calculated to allay the jealousies and fears of the Chinese, in so great a degree succeeded in conciliating their good-will; since the agents of British commerce in China have not only struggled successfully against such considerable and continually increasing difficulties, but have at length brought the trade, which had commenced so disadvantageously and inauspiciously, to its present state of prosperity and comparative security; it cannot but be useful, as well as instructive, to trace the several steps by which this desirable end has been attained: nor is it unreasonable to assume, that an attentive consideration of them is likely to afford us the surest guide for the future management of these important interests."

Upon this subject, Sir George enlarges considerably, in opposition to some opinions in the Edinburgh Review; but as we would rather detach the information from his book than enter upon its controversial points (however we agree with the author,) we shall proceed to another page—

"The leading articles amongst our manufactures and productions, which we have already succeeded in introducing into China, are our woollens and our metals. The latter have found, hitherto, but little sale, otherwise than in their raw and unmanufactured state; and if it had not been for the great

and persevering exertions of the East-India Company, there is great reason to suppose that the state of our woollen trade would have remained equally limited.

"In a country in which the people have been so long accustomed to rely for all the necessities, and even conveniences of life, upon its internal resources; where almost every species of ostentation and splendour is precluded by sumptuary laws and frugal habits; and where the prejudices against novelty and innovation of every kind have been often found to more than counterbalance the most convincing proofs of superior excellence and utility; there was surely little reason to hope, that had things been left to take their natural course, our manufactures and productions could have ever obtained any thing like an extensive or general consumption.

"The Company, nevertheless, now sell in China, annually, not less than about one million sterling in value of British woollens alone. To this height they have succeeded in carrying the trade, by previously submitting, from year to year, to very considerable losses; and by regularly binding the Chinese merchants, in their annual contracts, to receive these goods in part payment for their teas, and upon terms which, low as they were, in comparison with those upon which the woollens had been originally purchased in England, were still, almost always, considerably higher than could have been warranted or expected, upon the mere consideration of the then state of the demand in China."

Respecting Tea, it is stated—

"There is, probably, no article of commerce, whose value requires to be determined by such nicety of previous examination, and the due discrimination of which requires such matured judgment and experience; no article, of which the quality, and consequently the credit and the consumption, is so liable to be affected by improper admixture and adulteration. It has accordingly been found requisite, among other regulations, that all damaged teas, though often saleable (for the purposes, no doubt, of deception and adulteration) for considerable sums, should be destroyed; and barges are, in consequence, frequently sent down by the Company to the mouth of the Thames, with such teas on board, for the express purpose of discharging their contents into the sea. There are other teas which, though not actually damaged, are of an inadmissible and objectionable quality. Whenever these, contrary to the intentions of the Company, have been imported, they have, if necessary, been returned back on the hands of the owners; and, at all events, the repetition of such practices has been discouraged, by deducting the full amount of the loss upon such teas from the accounts of the respective Chinese merchants. To these, and similar charges, though made after an interval of two or more years, the Chinese merchants (such is their confidence in the honour and good faith of the Company) submit, almost without question or examination.

"The annual value of the British exports to China has not been less, upon an average, than about a million sterling, and that of our imports from that country, not less than about two millions; that this trade contributes three or four millions to the revenue, and more than pays the dividends on East-India stock."

A Table, at page 334, displays, at one

view, the state of the tea-trade from 1770 to 1795. Without going through the details, we may mention, that in 1776 the English trade took 3,402,415 lbs. and foreign trade 12,041,500 lbs. including 4,933,700 lbs. by the Dutch alone: in 1795, the English took 23,733,310 lbs. and all the foreign trade of the world 5,577,200.—Such is the wonderful rise of the commerce of Great Britain!

As the work before us does not readily admit of further exemplification, we shall only add, that it contains much matter to interest our Indian and commercial readers, though not much of a purely literary character.

Theatrical Portraits; with other Poems. By Harry Stoe Van Dyk. 12mo. pp. 151. London 1822. J. Miller.

THE author of this little volume appears to be a young man of considerable observation and talent, in the habit of attending theatrical representations, and with a turn for poetical composition. He has sketched the leading performers according to his ideas of their merits; generally in terms of panegyric, and rarely in the language of depreciation; though in one instance (that of Mr. Jones,) we think, he has fallen as much below the right standard of estimate, as he has soared above it in other cases. But we ought not to consider as specimens of argute criticism, what are nothing more than slight exercises in portraiture; of which our readers may form a correct judgment from the following, which we select as rendered interesting at this moment from the loss of the Original:

MR. EMERY.

'Tis 'unpolish'd diamond is truly known
By those who prize not outward show alone;
Who judge not at a glance, but wisely deem
That darkest clouds may hide the brightest beam.
Who gaze thro' nature's rude and rugged dress,
And view her charms of half-veil'd loveliness:
To these I speak, who, by research, can find
In formis rudibus, the noble mind;
And think, with me, that nuts with rough externals,
Of times contain the most delicious kernels.
But, soft! methinks I'm wandering from my sphere,—

So, come my hearty, "York, you're wanted here."
Who would suspect, when Emery draws nigh,
With globe-like visage, and a saucer eye,
That 'neath that coarse exterior could be
Such humour, join'd to sensibility?
The first, let Colman's martial Plough-boy show,
Or Shakespeare's *Toby*, "Chevalier et Sot;"
Like many a worthy, who has held the rule,
Whom majesty dubb'd knight, whom nature had
dubb'd fool.

The last, let Tyke, the felon Tyke proclaim,
Harden'd in crime, and lost to virtuous shame.
There can we trace frail nature in her course
From play to crime, from anguish to remorse;
Until, at length, Repentance pours her balm
Upon the wounded heart, and all again is calm.
Where is the actor, where is one who can
Enact like thee, the "ancient Gentleman,"
Who gives up riddles, and who chaunts a stave,
Who jests with *Hamlet*, and then digs a grave?

But, why recount each individual part,
In which he moves the fancy or the heart?
Why dwell on beauties, clear as daylight's eye,
When gazing thro' the grayly-dappled sky?
He ne'er o'ersteps the line that nature draws,
Nor sinks his judgment to the mob's applause.

He strays not thro' buffoonry's slippery ways,
But holds the surer, nobler road to praise.
Be ever thus; and let the public tell
How you've "play'd many parts," and play'd them well.

The miscellaneous poems, which occupy about half the volume, are of inferior interest. The longest are poor attempts in the humorous style, in which the author certainly does not shine. In the tender and amatory pieces there are some beauties, though the majority are not so far above mediocrity as to warrant very high praise. We transcribe stanzas to Mary, as the prettiest we can find.

My Mary! when each summer flow'r
Is blooming in its pride again,
I'll fly to thee, and one sweet hour
Shall pay me for an age of pain.
One gentle word—one dear caress—
One look or smile will then suffice
To welcome, from the wilderness,
A wand'rer into Paradise.

Tho' here, when friends around I see,
My heart its sorrow smothers;
'Twould rather weep its tears with thee,
Than joy in smiles with others.

For, when my young heart's prospect seem'd
A cheerless waste, all gloom and night,
Thine eye upon its darkness beam'd,
And sunn'd it into life and light.
And, as a lone but lovely flow'r,
Which, when all other flow'rs depart,
Still blooms within its ruin'd bow'r,
Thou bloomest in my lonely heart.
And shall I, then, the Rose forget,
Which seem'd in Hope's wreath braided;
And, like a Spirit, lingers yet,
Now all the rest have faded.

Oh, no! the heart, which is the seat
Of love like mine, can never rove;
Its faithful pulse may cease to beat,
But never—never cease to love:
For Love is past the Earth's control,
And soaring as the Ocean-wave:
It is eternal as the soul,
And lives and blooms beyond the grave:
It is a link of Pleasure's chain,
A never-ending token,
Whose lustre and whose strength remain
When all save that are broken.

Presuming the writer to be inexperienced, we would advise him to be rigorous in his own ordeal, and not to be satisfied with merely facile versification. Let him throw his soul into his song, reject the commonplace, and attend to consistency in his metaphors and similes, and he will produce works which will throw these portraits into shadow.

An Illustration of the Genus Cinchona (Peruvian Barks.) By Aylmer Bourke Lambert, Esq. Vice President of the Linnean Society, &c. &c. Quarto, pp. 181. London. J. Searle.

THIS work is upon a very important subject, and, independent of the author's celebrity in science, he has drawn his information from sources so authentic, that if criticism be not disqualified for her functions, she is rendered diffident of her powers. His book contains forty-one valuable pages upon the Cinchona forests of America, translated from the German of The Baron de Humboldt, to whom it is dedicated by Mr. Lambert.

Experience, and the Baconian system of reasoning, have jointly induced the modern

physicians of real science to discard from their practice, as trifling or nugatory, almost all those sudorific, anodyne, antiseptic, and other pretended remedies with which our Pharmacopœias are replete. The drugs upon which any dependence is now placed for the cure of diseases are few; but as the Peruvian Bark is one which has been preserved in practice for its undoubted efficacy, the attention of every scientific person must be excited by a work like the present, written by a man of eminence, for the purpose of enabling the botanist to collect and preserve, or the druggist to procure without error or imposition, so invaluable a remedy against some of the severest maladies with which our nature is afflicted.

How any substance is discovered to be a specific against human infirmities, it is not often easy to ascertain, nor indeed is it a point of much consequence. Such discoveries are generally the effect of accident, and very seldom the result of any reasoning *à priori*. For instance, it would have been impossible to have concluded from reasoning, that common clay filtered through coarse brown sugar, would render the latter many shades whiter, and deprive it of all its grosser qualities. This discovery was the effect of accidental observation, and not the result either of reasoning or experiment. It was observed that some fowls that had got from a clayey soil upon some open hogheads of sugar, always left the impression of their claws of a whiter grain than the surrounding surface; and from this simple clue was traced the present system of claying sugars. But how came we to ascertain that the Peruvian Bark had so many and such great virtues? The traditions are various: the one asserts our knowledge to have been derived from the great American lion, the *felis concolor*, curing itself of the ague by chewing the cinchona bark. Granting as much as the most sturdy defender of the miraculous could desire at our hands, that the lion both has the ague and the *quar faire* sufficient to cure itself, the ingenious hypothesis must, we are afraid, fall to the ground, for want of one little link in the chain of proof, that is, for want of a lion to be cured; for, *mirabile dictu*, it so happens that this wonderful *felis concolor* has never yet been seen any where near the elevated regions in which the cinchona tree is produced. These redoubtable historians of the incredible boldly assert, that even the vultures are, like the lions, subject to this disease of ague, and, like the lions, have the ability to play the physician to themselves. We should pity a vulture seized with an ague fit in its rapid flight; like an adventurous swimmer seized by the cramp in the Serpentine River, we fancy the poor bird's trembling would be sadly against its keeping itself afloat. There is, besides, so astounding a difference between the gizzard of a vulture and the stomach of a man, that we must confess we should not like, even in the ague, to chew an unknown berry, or succulent fruit, merely because we saw the vultures devour such productions when afflicted by their shivering fits. But, putting these fictions aside, we shall find it difficult to ascertain the origin of this antidote, or even the etymology of the name. It appears certain, from Humboldt, that our knowledge of its virtues were not derived from the Indians, who to this day refuse the use of it. It is supposed, with probability, that the

name of Cinchona was given to this genus of plants from the Countess Chincon, the wife of a Count Chincon, who was viceroy of Lima from 1629 to 1639. The lady having received benefit from the bark in America, introduced it to the Europeans on her return to her native country of Spain in 1640; and long before the Jesuits usurped the right of affixing their cognomen to the powder, it had borne in Europe the name of *Palvis Comitissa*; but it is pretty certain that the physician who had successfully administered the bark to the Countess in America, did not derive his knowledge of its virtues from the natives, although whence the knowledge had been derived, or how long it had been possessed, it is now impossible to ascertain. It is asserted that the Jesuits, on cutting down forests, had the practice of distinguishing woods by chewing the barks, and that the peculiar bitterness of the Cinchona trees induced them to reserve that bark for medicinal experiments.

But if this Peruvian Bark was brought into Europe by the Countess Chincon in 1640, a century elapsed before it was seriously attended to by scientific botanists. In 1737 the first botanical notice of this tree appeared in the French "*Memoires de l'Academie*." The grossest ignorance and confusion prevailed upon this subject, acknowledged by all to be so important to human life. Linnaeus knew but of two species of Cinchona. Other botanists made the list of species amount to twenty-seven; the Flora Peruviana reduced them to thirteen; Mutis further reduced them to seven; and the present author, Mr. Lambert, by his better science and superior sources of information, has clearly defined and arranged all the species, making them amount to twenty-two, arranged in five sections.

Until the year 1772, it was believed that no species of this tree could grow to the north of the line, nor nearer the equator than the fifth degree of south latitude, and Europe received all her supply of bark from the Pacific Ocean, and by the circuitous route of Cape Horn. It was, however, discovered that this genus of tree grew spontaneously even to the 10° of north lat.; and the bark from 1772 has been shipped to Old Spain from Carthagena and the ports in the Gulf of Mexico, the smuggling trade bringing it direct to North America, and to our own ports. In such a state of ignorance have we remained on the subject of this invaluable plant, that Humboldt relates the fact, that at a time when the Spanish hospitals were in the greatest want of this powerful remedy, the Merchants of Spain, desirous of stopping any trade in bark but to their own ports in the Pacific, procured a royal order for burning, as inefficacious, a quantity of the finest bark from New Grenada, which the celebrated botanist Mutis had carefully prepared at the royal expense. Even in a specific against human sufferings will advance fill its coffers, by availing itself of the ignorance of fellow creatures.

But the present publication affords such accurate diagnostics relative to this genus Cinchona, that all classes, from the peeler of the bark to the medical prescriber, are secured from fraud or error. Every species is scientifically described, with its numerous varieties; and the different appearances of the bark of such varieties, accounted for by a reference to the age of the tree, the elevated, enclosed, or open situation of its

growth, or to the manner of drying the cortex. Mr. Lambert's proficiency in science, his situation in the Academy of Madrid, his correspondence and personal acquaintance with Humboldt, with Don Ruiz, and other eminent professors of botany in Spanish America, and his possession of an Herbarium containing 5700 species of South American plants in a fine state of preservation, have afforded him means of writing upon the subject, which no author in Europe but himself has ever possessed. In short, we conceive that nothing more remains to be done upon this subject, until America has arrived at that state of civilized population and science, that the Cinchona tree can be cultivated in artificial plantations, and submitted to horticultural experiments, when probably Europe will be supplied with a bark of this genus rendered infinitely more efficacious by artificial culture.

This Work contains several valuable translations from the French and Spanish, upon the subject of South American trees and plants. There is a Memoir by Mr. Lambert upon the different species of Quinquina; and four papers, translated from the Spanish of Don Hippolito Ruiz, upon the tree producing the balsam of Toju, upon the Calaguala plant, upon the Yallhoj (*Monnina Polystachya*), upon the Bejuco de la Estrella (*Aristolochia Fragrantissima*); and an original chapter, by the author, upon the Spikenard of the ancients.

We must confess that Don Hippolito Ruiz appears to us a much better botanist than he is either a physician or a general reasoner. He has all that credulity in the medicinal virtues of plants, which was common to this country prior to the middle of last century, and which is common to the Continent at this day. It is the symptom of a state of half science, and of learning just peering from the mists of semi barbarism. Don Ruiz declares that the Calaguala is a sudorific, a solvent, a deobstruent, a diuretic, an antirheumatic, an anti-pluritic, "*cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscrubere longum est.*" From the frequent use made of this plant by the Indians, he draws, as an infallible inference, that it is efficacious. Were this a just mode of reasoning, we should find infallible remedies in the shops of every quack, and in the cupboards of every old lady in England. Faith often works wonderful cures, which are attributed to the drugs she swallows. We have had hundreds cured by the royal touch, by the solvent for the stone, and by nostrums of every description. Nothing in the science of medicine is so common, as to mistake coincidence for cause and effect. That most acute of all reasoners, Bishop Berkeley, convinced himself and convinced the world, that his Tar-water was as efficacious as Don Ruiz would now persuade us we should find the Calaguala.

Don Ruiz appears more rational in his Memoir upon the plant Yallhoj, a specific against dysenteries; though he here travels out of his province of a botanist, and gives us prescriptions as a physician. To this follows a paper upon the Star reed (*Aristolochia Fragrantissima* of Linnaeus); and here we have several chemical analyses, and pharmaceutical prescriptions. The botanical duties of Don Ruiz are ably executed, but it is amusing to us Englishmen to see the propensity which foreigners have to place every thing under a government regulation or royal ordinance. Speaking of the shocking

practice of the merchants, who, by adulterating their drugs, would, for the sake of paltry gain, sacrifice the lives of their fellow creatures, the remedy immediately suggested, is that of placing the trade under the controul of royal supervisors. All this is very specious in theory; but as the experience of mankind has taught us, that even under the best of governments such situations are frequently, from motives of interest or affection, bestowed upon incompetent persons, and who in their turn are negligent or corrupt, a more enlightened policy has instructed us not to multiply, but to remove all restrictions and supervisions of private dealings. Mr. Lambert's present work will fully enable the European to select his barks and roots with judgment and certainty; and as soon as the American merchant is aware of this, a sense of his own interests will prompt him to send unadulterated goods to market. The check upon fraud and imposition is the diffusion of knowledge, and not the intrusion of governments into private transactions.

Napoleon in Exile, &c. 2 vols. 8vo.
By Barry O'Meara.

(Continued.)

MR. O'MEARA goes on to detail Buonaparte's accounts of plots against his life; whether true or false it is impossible to say, for the original narrator is dead, and the Doctor has nobody to contradict him, except hypothetically, with all the perils of horse-whipping and police commentaries in aid of the criticism.*

"At Schoenbrunn," continued the emperor, "I had a narrow escape. Shortly after the capture of Vienna, I reviewed my troops at Schoenbrunn. A young man, about eighteen years of age, presented himself to me. He came so close at one time as to touch me, and said that he wanted to speak to me. Berthier, who did not like to see me disturbed then, pushed him to one side, say-

* One of his stories about his tools in England led to this result.—In answer to a question of mine about P***, he said, "P*** is a *polisson* who would write for anybody that would pay him. He made offers to me to change his style, and write for me in such a manner that the British government would not be aware that he was employed by me. One time in particular, he sent to the police a MS. copy of a book written against me, with an offer that it should not be printed provided he were paid a certain sum of money. This was made known to me. I ordered the police to answer, that if he paid the expenses of printing, the work should be published in Paris for him. He was not the only one who made offers of the kind to me when I was in power. Some of the editors of the English newspapers made similar advances, and declared that they could render me most essential services, but I then did not attach sufficient importance to it, and refused them. Not so the Bourbons. In 1814, the editor of The ***** newspaper was paid about three thousand pounds of your money, besides having a great number of copies taken. I told you before that I found his receipt amongst Blacas' papers, on my return from Elba. I do not know if he is in their pay now. In that year also a great number of pamphlets were printed in London against the Bourbons, and copies of each sent over to them, with a threat of publication if they were not paid. The Bourbons were greatly frightened, and greedily bought them up. There was one pamphlet in particular, a terrible libel against the late queen of France, which it cost them a large sum of money to suppress."

ing, 'If you want to say any thing to the emperor, you cannot do it now.' He then called Rapp, who was a German, and said, 'Here is a young man who wishes to speak to the emperor, see what he wants, and do not let him annoy the emperor.' After which he called the young man, and told him that Rapp spoke German, and would answer him. Rapp went up to him and asked him what he wanted? He replied, that he had a memorial to give to the emperor. Rapp told him that I was busy, and that he could not speak to me then. He had his hand in his breast all this time, as if he had some paper in it to give to me. Finding that notwithstanding his refusal, he insisted upon seeing me, and was pushing on, Rapp, who is a violent man, gave him a blow of his fist, and knocked him down, or shoved him away to some distance. He came again afterwards, when the troops were passing. Rapp, who watched him, ordered some of the guards to seize and keep him in custody until after the review, and then bring him to his quarters, in order that he might learn what he complained of. The guards observing that he always kept his right hand in his breast, made him draw it out, and examined him. Under his coat they found a knife as long as my arm. When asked what he intended to do with it, he replied instantly, 'To kill the emperor.' Some short time afterwards he was brought before me. I asked him what he wanted? He replied 'To kill you.' I asked him what I had done to him to make him desire to take away my life? He answered, that I had done a great deal of mischief to his country; that I had desolated and ruined it by the war which I had waged against it. I asked him why he did not kill the Emperor of Austria instead of me, as he was the cause of the war and not I? He replied, 'Oh, he is a blockhead, and if he were killed, another like him would be put upon the throne; but if you were dead, it would not be easy to find such another.' He said that he had been called upon by God to kill me, and quoted Judith and Holofernes. Spoke much about religion, and fancied that he was another Judith and I Holofernes. He cited several parts of the Testament, which he thought appropriate to his projects. He was the son of a Protestant clergyman at Erfurth. He had not made his father privy to his design, and he had left his house without money. I believe that he had sold his watch in order to purchase the knife with which he intended to kill me. He said that he trusted in God to find him the means to effect it. I called Corvisart, ordered him to feel his pulse, and see if he were mad. He did so and every thing was calm. I desired him to be taken away and locked up in a room with a *gendarme*, to have no sort of food for twenty-four hours, but as much cold water as he liked. I wished to give him time to cool and reflect, and then to examine him when his stomach was empty, and at a time when he might not be supposed to be under the influence of any thing that would heat or exalt his imagination. After the twenty-four hours were expired, I sent for him and asked, 'If I were to pardon you, would you make another attempt upon my life?' He hesitated for a long time, and at last, but with great difficulty, said that he would not, as then it would not appear to be the intention of God that he should kill me, otherwise he would have allowed him to have done it at first. I

ordered him to be taken away. It was my intention at first to have pardoned him; but it was represented to me, that his hesitation after twenty-four hours fasting, was a certain sign that his intentions were bad, and that he still intended to assassinate; that he was an enthusiast, a fanatic, and that it would set a very bad example. Nothing," continued he, "is more dangerous than one of those religious enthusiasts. They always aim either at God or the king. He was left to his fate."

"Another time," proceeded the emperor, "a letter was sent to me by the King of Saxony, containing information that a certain person was to leave Stuttgart on a particular day for Paris, where he would probably arrive on a day that was pointed out. That his intentions were to murder me. A minute description of his person was also given. The police took its measures; and on the day pointed out he arrived. They had him watched. He was seen to enter my chapel, to which I had gone on the celebration of some festival. He was arrested and examined. He confessed his intentions, and said, that when the people knelt down, on the elevation of the host, he saw me gazing at the fine women; at first he intended to advance and fire at me (in fact he had advanced near to me at the moment); but upon a little reflection, thought that would not be sure enough, and he determined to stab me with a knife which he had brought for that purpose. I did not like to have him executed, and ordered that he should be kept in prison. When I was no longer at the head of affairs, this man, who had been detained in prison for seven months after I left Paris, and ill-treated, I believe, got his liberty. Soon after, he said that his designs were no longer to kill me; but that he would murder the King of Prussia, for having ill-treated the Saxons and Saxony. On my return from Elba, I was to be present at the opening of the legislative body, which was to be done with great state and ceremony. When I went to open the chamber, this same man, who had got in, fell down by some accident, and a parcel, containing some chemical preparation, exploded in his pocket, and wounded him severely. It never has been clearly ascertained what his intentions were at this time. It caused great alarm amongst the legislative body, and he was arrested. I have since heard that he threw himself into the Seine."

The invasion of India, in conjunction with Paul of Russia, was a favourite project with Buonaparte. He is reported to say,

"An agreement was made between Paul and myself to invade it. I furnished the plan. I was to have sent thirty thousand good troops. He was to send a similar number of the best Russian soldiers, and forty thousand Cossacs. I was to subscribe ten millions, in order to purchase camels and the other requisites to cross the desert. The King of Prussia was to have been applied to by both of us to grant a passage for my troops through his dominions, which would have been immediately granted. I had at the same time made a demand to the King of Persia for a passage through his country, which also would have been granted, though the negotiations were not entirely concluded, but would have succeeded, as the Persians were desirous of profiting by it themselves. My troops were to have gone to Warsaw, to be joined by the Russians and

Cossacs, and to have marched from thence to the Caspian Sea, where they would have either embarked, or have proceeded by land, according to circumstances. I was before-hand with you, in sending an ambassador on to Persia to make interest there. Since that time, your ministers have been imbeciles enough to allow the Russians to get four provinces, which increase their territories beyond the mountains. The first year of war that you will have with the Russians, they will take India from you." - - -

He then spoke about some of the plans that he had had in contemplation for making canals of communication in Egypt. "I intended," said he, "to have made two, one from the Red Sea to the Nile at Cairo, and the other to the Mediterranean. I had the Red Sea surveyed, and found that the waters of it were thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean when the waters were highest, but only twenty-four at the lowest. My plan was to have prevented any water from flowing into the canal unless at low water, and this in the course of a distance of thirty leagues in its passage to the Mediterranean would have been of little consequence. Besides, I would have had some sluices made. The Nile was seven feet lower than the Red Sea, when at its lowest, but fourteen feet higher (I think he said) during the inundation. The expense was calculated at eighteen millions of francs, and two years' labour. It is only," continued he, "the ignorance and barbarity of the Turks which prevents your India trade from being ruined. If any European nation had possession of Egypt, it would speedily be effected, and one day or another Egypt will destroy the East India Company."

Of Lavalette and his wife we have the following statement:—

"Lavalette," added Napoleon, "knew nothing of my intended return from Elba, or of what was hatching there. Madame Lavalette was of the family of Beauharnais. She was a very fine woman. Louis my brother fell in love with and wanted to marry her; to prevent which I caused her to espouse Lavalette, to whom she was attached."

Of another person who figures on the political scene, it is set down—

"Cipriani informed me that Pozzo di Borgo was the son of a shepherd in Corsica, who used to bring eggs, milk, and butter, to the Bonaparte family. Being a smart boy, he was noticed by Madame Mère, who paid for his schooling. Afterwards, through the interest of the family, he was chosen deputy to the legislative body, as their sons were too young to be elected. He returned to Corsica as *procureur generale*, where he united himself with Peraldi, an implacable enemy of the Bonapartes, and consequently became one himself."

The following relates to another man of note:—

Napoleon spoke to me about an article which he had seen in the papers, stating that Talma had paid a reckoning for him at a tavern once, when through the want of money he had offered his sword in pledge. This he declared to be untrue, and that he did not believe Talma had ever said so. "I did not know Talma personally," continued he, "until I was first consul. I then favoured and distinguished him very much, as a man of talent and the first in the profession. I sometimes sent for him in the morning, to discourse with me while I was at breakfast.

The libellers said that Talma taught me how to act the king. When I returned from Elba, I said one morning at my breakfast to Talma, who was present with some other men of science, 'Eh bien, Talma, so they say that you taught me how to sit upon my throne. *C'est un signe que je m'y tiens bien.*'"

Buonaparte's (reported) opinion of the ex-King of Sweden is also a curious specimen either of his stories, or of the author's invention; but it is a statement unfit for decent ears, and we shall only repeat that Gustavus is represented as being the son of Chamberlain, and having confessed that he was, for that reason, justly deposed. A more vile slander is put into the Corsican's mouth respecting the late unfortunate Queen of France; so base and unmanly a calumny disgraces even this book of foul and posthumous libels:

"Madame Campan," continued Napoleon, "had a very indifferent opinion of Marie Antoinette. She told me that a person, well known for his attachment to the queen, came to see her at Versailles, on the 5th or 6th of October, where he remained all night. The palace was stormed by the populace. Marie Antoinette fled, undressed, from her own chamber to that of the king for shelter, and the lover descended from the window. On going to seek the queen in her bed-room, Madame Campan found that she was absent, but discovered a pair of breeches, which the favourite had left behind in his haste, and which were immediately recognized."

What Buonaparte is asserted to have said on receiving the news of the death of the Princess Charlotte, is manifestly a forgery; as it is merely the repetition of our own newspaper absurdities and disaffected trash on the occasion. Another story, of a cooper, copied from ancient history, and from an anecdote of the Prince of Persia, and applied to Buonaparte, affords a decisive proof of the way in which these Memoirs have been got up; and having thus arrived at an opinion very fatal to their authenticity, we shall only postpone our concluding remarks till next week, when we shall glance separately at the indications of Napoleon's literary course, and finish with a notice referring individually to his biographer.

MEMOIRS OF ARTEMI.

The adventures of this Armenian Gil Blas (for his real narrative bears a stronger resemblance to the fiction of Le Sage, than any work with which we are acquainted) are not so peculiar after he leaves the place of his nativity, as they were before that event. Still, however, they are sufficiently characteristic to induce us to hope that a little further notice will be acceptable to our readers. Travelling by way of Amaran, the encounters of banditti, and the movements of predatory hordes, let loose by the rumours of approaching war, afford a striking picture of the country and of the manners of the people. The Grusians, or as we call them, Georgians, are robbers; and a more lawless set of desperadoes, reckless of property and life, does not exist in any region of the globe. Escaping from these, while they murder one of his companions, Artemi arrives at Signach, where, with his usual mixture of good and evil fortune, a countryman, a doctor, much respected, takes a fancy to him, receives him in his house, and proposes to adopt him, giving his daughter in mar-

riage. As a part of this process, he has to be presented to the Zarewitsch, whose table is supplied by the Doctor. A complete Gil Blas scene is the consequence.

"The Zarewitsch resided on a high hill in the house of the *mawran*, or viceroy to the Zar, who was then absent. His retinue consisted of four or five men, three mules, and a horse. The next day he was satisfied with the repast, and, therefore, in a very good humour. He inquired who I was and whence I came; I answered his questions, on which he asked whether I knew Luka, the Catholics.—"I know him, Zarewitsch."—"What a silly fellow he is!"—"And for what reason are you pleased to style him so?"—"He has given the Shah 100,000 rubles. (The patriarch had actually paid the Shah this sum at his requisition; but on condition that the Shah should protect him from all hostile attacks.) Had he given it to us, we should have protected him much more effectually." In the same manner as the Shah considered the Grusians as enemies of the patriarch, so the Grusians regarded the Shah as his foe. Upon this I ventured to ask the Zarewitsch, with great simplicity, "Of what religion are the Persians?"—"Don't you know?—they are Mahometans."—"And you, Zarewitsch, what religion do you profess?"—"Thou art a man grown," replied he angrily, "and yet so ignorant! We belong to the Greek church."—"Well," said I, "the Persians, who are Mahometans, have demanded money from us, and you, who are Christians, require the same; what difference then is there between you and them?"

"It was owing to mere thoughtlessness that, wholly unmindful of the instructions of my teacher, I put this question solely with the view of giving the Zarewitsch a proof of my penetration, in hopes that he would commend and respect me for it, and never supposing that he would take it in a totally different sense. He was silent for a moment, and seemed not to have understood me: he then commanded his people to take me away, to give me a sharp lecture, and throw me into the hole. Three of his people seized me by the hair, and struck me unmercifully, sometimes with sticks, at others with their fists, and shut me up, convincing me, in a very painful manner, of the justice of my good preceptor's maxim: "Think before you speak."

His friend, the Doctor, however, interceded for him, and he is again in a fair way, when, by the usual fatality that attends him (a fatality not readily explained, except by supposing him to have been a sad rogue and scape-grace,) he is induced to believe the Doctor means him no good, and flies from him, with the tyrannical merchant, who actually does afflict him with evils. Meanwhile the Shah takes Tiflis, of which a lively account is given; the news of that catastrophe reaching Signach in the very midst of their rejoicings for the utter defeat of their victorious invader. Towards Tiflis nevertheless the fugitives steer:—

"The following day we resolved to proceed to Tiflis, through Gartiskar, though these parts are not safe, since even in the time of peace they were haunted by banditti. The road from Zeheta to Tiflis, along the bank of the river Kur, runs over rocks and hills, is very steep, and so narrow that two persons can scarcely go abreast. By the way I took it into my head to loiter intentionally behind my companions, in hopes of

falling into the hands of robbers, who, for the sake of their own interest, would not let me starve, but would take me with them, and perhaps sell me to an Armenian, by whom I was sure of being well treated, because I could read and write. I sat the whole day long among a heap of dead bodies, but no one came near me: the night passed away; morning succeeded; and, as though it was to be so, not a robber would pick me up. It was near noon, when I perceived a number of people who seemed to be fleeing from Tiflis. They inquired what I was doing there. I replied that I was going to Tiflis. They advised me to accompany them to Duschet and Ananur, where the inhabitants of Tiflis had sought refuge: telling me that they only wished to see how Tiflis and their houses had fared; but that they had been informed that the Shah had turned back, and was approaching the place a second time. I declined to go with them, for I had not to expect from them even a morsel of bread: but at Tiflis I hoped to find, at least, some fruit in the gardens; and I thought it also much better for me to fall into the hands of the Persians or banditti, than to accompany them. I therefore pursued my way, paved, as it were, with carcasses, and entered Tiflis by the gate of Tapitag: but what was my consternation on finding here the bodies of women and children slaughtered by the sword of the enemy; to say nothing of the men, of whom I saw more than a thousand, as I should suppose, lying dead in one little tower! The Shah had arrived at Handsbu, on his way back to Tiflis, and was consequently but three weeks off. In traversing the city to the gate of Handsbu, I found not a living creature but two infirm old men, whom the enemy had treated with great cruelty, to make them confess where they had concealed their money and treasures. The city was almost entirely consumed, and still continued to smoke in different places; and the stench from the putrefying bodies, together with the heat which prevailed, was intolerable, and certainly infectious. This dreadful spectacle stopped me: I had neither strength nor courage to go out at the Handsbu gate and proceed to Kerzania, where I should probably have found fruit, and also seen the field of battle; but I turned back the same day into the way I had come, where I should at least have opportunity to seek some roots for my support. It was with difficulty, however, that I crawled out of the city. Unable to proceed farther I dropped in the road, and there I lay the rest of that day and the following night in the open air."

At length he reached Ananur, on the Arak, where some families from Tiflis had sought refuge; amongst the rest the Zar Heraklios, of whose situation a pathetic tale is told.

"Being informed (says Artemi) that the Zar Heraklios was also at Ananur, I determined to present myself to him. I went for this purpose to the ancient Grusian convent, as the only place where I was sure of meeting with him. The convent was not large, and every where much decayed. In going over the place, I found under the arch of a ruinous cell, in a corner of the wall of the convent, a person clad in a common sheep-skin, sitting with his face to the wall; and near him stood another very aged man. I asked the latter: "Who is it that is sitting there in the corner?" "He whom thou thou seest," replied he, with a deep sigh, in Ar-

menian, "was once a renowned personage, and his name was celebrated throughout all Asia, even in the time of Tachmas-Kuly-Chan. He was an excellent ruler of his people. He governed them forty years with glory, till age cramped his powers. To prevent discord in his family, he thought it would conduce to the interest of his people to divide his kingdom into several parts: but the good Zar was disappointed in his hopes. A eunuch, formerly belonging to Tachmas-Kuly-Chan, and who was one of the lowest at the time when Heraklios was commander-in-chief of the Persian army, has now triumphed over the impotence of his age. His own children too denied him assistance; they would not save their country, for they were numerous, and each of them thought he was not promoting his own advantage but that of another. He was therefore necessitated to take refuge with the Zar of Imiretia. If thou wast at Tiflis thou hast certainly witnessed the disgrace which his troops there suffered. Heraklios had but a handful of men to oppose an army of 100,000, and because his children unfeelingly deserted him, he lost his throne, and to whom? To a eunuch! a creature who once bowed himself down to his feet as a slave. The glory of his long life is eclipsed; his capital is laid waste, and the prosperity of his people is converted into misery. Behind this wall the Zar of Grusia hides himself from the eyes of men, forsaken by all, and covered only with a sheep-skin. His courtiers and those who were about his person, his native subjects, whom he cherished in his bosom and supported in abundance, have all deserted him; not one has followed his sovereign but myself, one of the lowest of the Armenians. I was in the service of his cook, and lived upon the crumbs that fell from his table; I alone was not unmindful that they were his crumbs: I guard him, I beg for him, and bring him the alms that I receive."—Thus did the good old man relate to me what had befallen the unfortunate sovereign, over whose fate he wept bitterly, as his most devoted slave. I looked with mingled pain and reverence at Heraklios: I would willingly have thrown myself at his feet and kissed the dust from them, but I durst not, and the Armenian would of course not have allowed me to do so, lest his master should know that he was recognised, and recognised too in a state more abject than that of a common beggar."

The Shah having once more retrograded, our Armenian returned with the crowd to the ruins of Tiflis, where he was employed by a gang of thieves and suffered great hardships. Another rumour caused them to fly again, and Artemi removed to Tschocha a village of Teulet, of which province he gives us quite an original history.

"The Teuletiens are Georgian subjects, and though of the Christian religion, yet a completely savage tribe. Ananur, Duschet, and other small places in the mountains on each side of the Arak, and in short the whole district of Chemsur, were, according to the partition made by Heraklios, under the authority of the Zarewitsch Bachtang. The hamlets of Teulet consisted of no more than from two to five houses, and some of one only; and in these there was neither window nor chimney. All the light they have enters at the door, and therefore it is so dark in these habitations, that it is necessary to burn either pine splinters or birch bark in them all day long. The houses there have two

roofs; the lower roof is so strong, that, according to the custom of the country, horse-mills may be constructed upon it, while the upper affords protection from the weather. The bread is made of equal parts of barley and bean-meal, and baked in large earthen vessels, with a rim like our plates; they lay one upon another, and make a fire underneath both. When the dishes are quite hot they put the dough, which they have in readiness, into them, and strew it pretty thick with heated salt. This kind of bread is there called *kazi*. They never dress animal food till it begins to smell, or more properly speaking, to putrefy. They are not very cleanly in their houses, for they keep their cattle in the same room with themselves, merely tying them up to the wall. Amid the general distress I was of course frequently exposed to want, but to lighten its pressure, I lent my services to any family that needed them, and if I had not something given me to eat at one place I had at another: but it was very seldom that I got a bellyful.

In the village of Tschocha there was a small church, but it had no priest. There was nothing in it but some altar-cloths of coarse linen. Round this edifice grew wild pear-trees, the fruit of which no one durst pick, for it belonged to the church, and was therefore held sacred. I was informed of this circumstance, (says A.) and told that if I violated the custom I might even lose my life: yet, notwithstanding this prohibition, I was too strongly pressed by hunger in the first days after my arrival at Tschocha, before I had any acquaintance there, to resist the temptation of plucking some of the fruit at night. But besides being frozen, for the weather was then very cold, they were so unripe as to affect my teeth to such a degree that I could not even eat bread afterwards, and moreover ran the risk of being punished for stealing the sacred fruit. But I cared my teeth by chewing the only bit of wax-taper which I found in the church. In the sequel I went almost every evening to read the evening service and prayers to Golenez Bagdasar, an aged inhabitant of Tiflis, who had removed thither from the Turkish territory. He and his wife became much attached to me, and gave me sufficient proofs of their kindness, and thenceforward I suffered no want. My hosts too continued to do what they could for me, but I had to endure the severest mortifications from my merchant. This wicked man was here the cause of an adventure which was not less ludicrous than the consequences were painful to me. He once sent me to another village, situated beyond the first hill not far from Tschocha, to buy chaff for his horses, teaching me to ask for it in the Grusian words: *Ba aragak gaus gaidi*, which literally signify: Is chaff sold here? These words I kept repeating as I went along, that I might not forget them; but when I reached the village, and began to consider to which house I should go first, I selected the largest of them, but forgot all the words excepting *ba*. I entered the house, which I found full of smoke, and so dark that I could only just see to avoid the cattle in my way to the fire. There I perceived a woman making bread, to whom I repeatedly called out *ba*. She stared at me, crossed herself, and exclaiming "Christ Jesus!" away she ran. I had not the least suspicion of what was to follow, but on the other hand imagined that she was very good-natured, and had gone to fetch the chaff without tell-

ing me how much it would cost to fill such a sack as I had brought with me. Instead of her returning with the chaff, the room was in a few minutes crowded with people, each carrying a cudgel or some other weapon in one hand, and a splinter of pine or a piece of birch bark in the other. They slowly approached me, crossed themselves, and ejaculated "Christ Jesus!" They left me no time to consider what the meaning of all this might be, but suddenly fell upon me, threw me down, tore out my hair, burned half of my shabby *kufan*, dragged me to and fro, and almost stifled me. "I am a Christian!" cried I to them in Turkish, Persian, and Armenian, but to no purpose; they dragged me out of the house, and while some one fetched a cord, at least ten of them held me fast, some by the hands, others by my clothes, others by the hair, and one even by the lower lip. The cord was tied about my neck, several of them held it at both ends, and in this manner I was led to the village where we lived, before the above-mentioned alderman, Scharo, while others in the rear occasionally urged me forward with kicks. Besides being bruised with this treatment, I was so scorched in many places that the greatest part of my hair and even my eye-brows were burned away. I was totally at a loss to conceive the reason of all this uproar, but was sensible enough of the pain I suffered. No sooner had we reached the top of the hill than, fortunately for me, the procession was seen from our village. The alderman hastened to meet me, and persuaded the demi-savages, but not without great difficulty, to set me at liberty. The cause of this treatment, as I afterwards learned, was, that the woman, whom I first accosted, as well as all the others, had never seen any person with an Erivan covering over his clothes: the former, alarmed by my sudden appearance, took me for the familiar spirit of the house, and confirmed the rest in this belief. They pulled out my hair, from a notion that unless a familiar spirit is thus treated it conceals itself, but on the other hand it is obliged to serve invisibly the person who tears up its hair as long as it remains in the house. Be this as it may, it was a fortnight before I recovered the effects of this usage; and my hosts and Bagdasar and his wife had enough to do to nurse me and to anoint my burns with oil and goose-grease."

(To be continued.)

BURCKHARDT'S TRAVELS.

(Concluded.)

After two days repose in the convent of Mount Sinai, Burckhardt made a course of pilgrimages to the Holy places around, such as the Djebel Mousa, or Mountain of Moses (according to tradition, the Horeb where the prophet communicated with the Lord).

It is frequently visited by the Bedouins, who slaughter sheep in honour of Moses; and who make vows to him and entreat his intercession in heaven in their favour. There is a feast-day on which the Bedouins come hither in a mass, and offer their sacrifices. . . .

The Arabs believe that the tables of the commandments are buried beneath the pavement of the church on Djebel Mousa, and they have made excavations on every side in

the hope of finding them. They more particularly revere this spot from a belief that the rains which fall in the peninsula are under the immediate control of Moses; and they are persuaded that the priests of the convent are in possession of the Taourat, a book sent down to Moses from heaven, upon the opening and shutting of which depend the rains of the peninsula. The reputation, which the monks have thus obtained of having the dispensation of the rains in their hands has become very troublesome to them, but they have brought it on by their own measures for enhancing their credit with the Bedouins. In times of dearth they were accustomed to proceed in a body to Djebel Mousa, to pray for rain, and they encouraged the belief that the rain was due to their intercessions. By a natural inference, the Bedouins have concluded that if the monks could bring rain, they had it likewise in their power to withhold it, and the consequence is, that whenever a dearth happens they accuse the monks of malevolence, and often tumultuously assemble and compel them to repair to the mountain to pray. Some years since, soon after an occurrence of this kind, it happened that a violent flood burst over the peninsula, and destroyed many date trees; a Bedouin, whose camel and sheep had been swept away by the torrent, went in a fury to the convent, and fired his gun at it, and when asked the reason, exclaimed; "You have opened the book so much that we are all drowned!" He was pacified by presents; but on departing he begged that in future the monks would only half open the Taourat, in order that the rains might be more moderate.

At about half an hour's distance from the convent another holy place is shewn, namely,

The head of the golden calf, which the Israelites worshipped, transmuted into stone. It is somewhat singular that both the monks and the Bedouins call it the cow's head (Ras el Bakar), and not the calf's, confounding it, perhaps, with the "red heifer," of which the Old Testament and the Koran speak. It is a stone half-buried in the ground, and bears some resemblance to the forehead of a cow. Some travellers have explained this stone to be the mould in which Aaron cast the calf, though it is not hollow, but projecting; the Arabs and monks however gravely assured me that it was the "cow's" head itself. Beyond this object, towards the convent, a hill is pointed out to the left, called Djebel Haroun, because it is believed to be the spot where Aaron assembled the seventy elders of Israel. Both this and the cow's head have evidently received these denominations from the monks and Bedouins, in order that they may multiply the objects of veneration and curiosity within the pilgrim's tour round the convent.

The tricks of this sort are still more visible in the well chiseled figures of the rock, through which it is pretended the rod of Moses extracted water miraculously.

On my return to the convent (says Mr. B., speaking volumes in one sentence) I could not help expressing to several of the monks my surprise at the metamorphosis of a calf into a cow, and of an idol of gold into stone; but I found that they were too little read in the books of Moses to understand even this simple question, and I therefore did not press the subject. I believe there is not a

single individual amongst them, who has read the whole of the Old Testament; nor do I think that among eastern Christians in general there is one in a thousand, of those who can read, that has ever taken that trouble. . . .

We have not room to animadvert on the skill (equal to the finest European diplomacy) which the Traveller displayed in leaving Sinai for Cairo; his tact for such enterprises is finely displayed. On his way he mentions a remarkable object in Natural history:—

When we lighted our fire in the evening, I was startled by the cries of Hand "to take care of the venomous animal!" I then saw him kill a reptile like a spider, to which the Bedouins give the name of Ahou Hanakein, or the two-mouthed; hanak meaning, in their dialect, mouth. It was about four inches and a half in length, of which the body was three inches; it has five long legs on both sides, covered, like the body, with setæ of a light yellow colour; the head is long and pointed, with large black eyes; the mouth is armed with two pairs of fangs one above the other, recurved, and extremely sharp. Hand told me that it never makes its appearance but at night, and is principally attracted by fire; indeed I saw three others during this journey, and always near the evening fire. The Bedouins entertain the greatest dread of them; they say that their bite, if not always mortal, produces a great swelling, almost instant vomiting, and the most excruciating pains. I believe this to be the *Galeode phalangate*, at least it exactly resembles the drawing of that animal, given by Oliver in his Travels, pl. 42-4.

The Wady el Sheikh (says B.) is thickly overgrown with the tamarisk or Tarfa; it is the only valley in the peninsula where this tree grows, at present, in any great quantity, though small bushes of it are here and there met with in other parts. It is from the Tarfa that the manna is obtained, and it is very strange that the fact should have remained unknown in Europe, till M. Seetzen mentioned it in a brief notice of his tour to Sinai, published in the Mines de l'Orient. This substance is called by the Bedouins, Mann, and accurately resembles the description of Manna given in the Scriptures. In the month of June it drops from the thorns of the tamarisk upon the fallen twigs, leaves, and thorns which always cover the ground beneath that tree in the natural state; the manna is collected before sunrise, when it is coagulated, but it dissolves as soon as the sun shines upon it. The Arabs clean away the leaves, dirt, &c. which adhere to it, boil it, strain it through a coarse piece of cloth, and put it into leathern skins; in this way they preserve it till the following year, and use it as they do honey, to pour over their unleavened bread, or to dip their bread into. I could not learn that they ever make it into cakes or loaves. The manna is found only in years when copious rains have fallen; sometimes it is not produced at all, as will probably happen this year. I saw none of it among the Arabs, but I obtained a small piece of last year's produce, in the convent; where having been kept in the cool shade and moderate temperature of that place, it had become quite solid, and formed a small cake; it became soft when kept some time in the hand; if placed in the sun for five minutes it dissolved; but when re-

stored to a cool place it became solid again in a quarter of an hour. In the season, at which the Arabs gather it, it never acquires that state of hardness which will allow of its being pounded, as the Israelites are said to have done in Numbers xi. 8. Its colour is a dirty yellow, and the piece which I saw was still mixed with bits of tamarisk leaves: its taste is agreeable, somewhat aromatic, and as sweet as honey. If eaten in any considerable quantity it is said to be slightly purgative.

The quantity of manna collected at present, even in seasons when the most copious rains fall, is very trifling, perhaps not amounting to more than five or six hundred pounds. It is entirely consumed among the Bedouins, who consider it the greatest dainty which their country affords. The harvest is usually in June, and lasts for about six weeks; sometimes it begins in May. There are only particular parts of the Wady Sheikh that produce the tamarisk; but it is also said to grow in Wady Naszeb, the fertile valley to the S.E. of the convent, on the road from thence to Sherm.

Previous to returning to Suez, Mr. B. visited Mount Serbal and other remarkable places, but his toils were only rewarded by uninteresting inscriptions on rocks, &c., and views of the country. From Suez, encountering great danger from Arab robbers, he reached Cairo, and here the Volume concludes, excepting an Appendix, which gives an account of the Ryhanlu Turkmen near Aleppo, and other Turkman tribes in Asia Minor; routes, and other information respecting the country through which the Author travelled.

Upon the whole, though the analysis we have made of it display its better side, this publication is far inferior in intelligence and interest to Burckhardt's preceding work. Its important contents might have been compressed within half the compass, and thus the line of volumes promised on this model would have been anticipated with greater pleasure than its form and quality inspire. A frontispiece represents the Author in his Arab Bernous. It is a lithographic print, and looks like a Cloud King; we should have been glad of a fine copperplate portrait of so remarkable a man, by whose loss the spirit of research has suffered incalculably.

LITERATURE, ETC.

PEVERELL OF THE PEAK.

THIS title has been announced in the Edinburgh Magazines as that of the Novel which is to succeed the *Fortunes of Nigel*, by the Author of Waverley. Induced by this advertisement to look into the early annals of the House of Peverell, we shall digest our research into a short sketch, which, we trust, will not be unacceptable to our friends.

In Pegge's *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*, (No. xxxii.) the twin castles of Bolsover and Peak, in the county of Derby, are described. Bolsover was probably erected by William Peverell, the natural son of William the Conqueror, and a Norman baron of great trust and power, who lived till the seventh year of the reign of Stephen, A.D. 1142. This fortress, in conjunction with Peak Castle, sufficed to overawe and

keep in order the whole northern parts of the county. William Peverell, the son of the above, in 1153 poisoned Ranulph Earl of Chester, for which foul act his estates and employments were forfeited to the Crown. It appears from the sheriff's accounts to Henry II., that a part of the criminal's demesnes continued under this forfeiture for many years, though another part went to his daughter.—(Leland's Collectan. and Dugdale's Bar. chiefly the latter.) Richard I. gave the castles of Pecci and Bolsover to his brother John, the former being considered as almost impregnable, and consequently of much importance in those restless times. Peak passed into the hands of the Nevills; and Mr. Pegge says concerning it—

“Mr. King calls it *Castleton*, but very improperly, as this is the name of the adjacent village holding of it, and denominated from it, quasi *Castle-Town*. The true designation of the fortress is *Peak-Castle*, with some small variations in the orthography. Mr. King says, ‘There is not even any tradition preserved of the first building of *Castleton*,’ meaning this castle; but Mr. Bray, on the contrary, writes, ‘Tradition says that this castle was built by William Peverell, natural son of the Conqueror, who once spent a Christmas here.’ The latter circumstance may be doubtful, but the erection of the fabric by Peverell can scarcely be questioned, when we reflect what weight of evidence there is to substantiate the tradition. The ground or site of the castle belonged to Peverell; for amongst his lands in Domesday, we read,

Tezra in Pechofers Castelli Willi Peverel tenner’ Gerneborn’ Hundine.

Whence it appears farther that the castle was not only then existing, and consequently older than that at Bolsover, but actually was the property of William Peverell, as both Camden and Dugdale declare it to have been. It was accordingly sometimes termed *Castle Peverell*.”

“Mr. King cites an ancient MS. in the college of Manchester, which states, according to him, ‘that in this castle William de Peverell, natural son of William the Conqueror, had his residence, and kept his court; and that he had also another habitation, connected with this, at Brough (or Burgh) near *Castleton*; from whence was an ancient road to Buxton, called long before his time *Batham-gate*, or the gate leading to the Bath.’ The inference Mr. King draws from this old account is, ‘that here was a very considerable fortress, the dwelling of some ancient chief, and his train (for whose use such a road was made,) long before the Conquest; and that even William de Peverell found the smallness of this tower inconvenient; so far was he from having built it.’”

“It is highly credible, that in ancient times, long before William Peverell raised his structure, there had existed a fortification at this place, and that Peverell in his erection made use of the ruins thereof. This is inferred from some fragments of bricks, which I saw there, anno 1761; and indeed I have Mr. King very clearly concurring with me in this sentiment, though he seems in-

“It is rather a curious coincidence, that the uncommon name of *Nigel* occurs in the very page we are quoting—Roger, son of *Nigel de Lavetot*, Sheriff of Derby, was appointed Governor of Bolsover 39 of Hen. III.—Ed.

clined to think the old ante-norman work rather of Saxon than Roman construction. The situation, it must be allowed, is such, as to induce invaders of every nation to plant a hold upon it.”

In the 6th volume of the *Archæologia* (Mr. King's sequel to *Observations on Ancient Castles*) it is more picturesquely stated—

“The next castle which strikes us with high ideas of its great antiquity, is *Castleton* in Derbyshire; perched proudly, like a falcon's nest, on the summit of an almost inaccessible rock, high impending over the mouth of one of the most horrid and august caverns that nature ever formed. The eminence whereon it stands is nearly insulated; the top of the adjacent hill over the cavern being much lower, and joined, even there, only by a steep precipice falling from the summit of the one down to the other.

“On the west and east sides the rock is quite perpendicular; and to the north and south so steep that it cannot be ascended without the utmost difficulty. The whole commands a fine view of the country round, and of the mountain called *Mam Tor*, with the double foss of the old encampment (so little known) placed on the highest brow of that shivering mountain.

“There is not even any tradition preserved of the first building of *Castleton*. And some herring-bone work in the walls shews that it must have been of vast antiquity. . . .

“The ascent to it was by a narrow winding path, up a most formidable steep, where a very small band of men might defy an army: and after ascending this you find the castle-walls to possess nearly the whole of the summit.

“The great gate was on the eastern side, but is now destroyed; and it seems to have had no mote or draw-bridge; as indeed none could be necessary in such a situation.

“On entering the area (or as it was called in succeeding ages the *ballium*) there appear no vestiges of additional buildings, that I could trace; but only a large space for encampment, with two little square turrets, and the keep itself. . . .

“After climbing the steep ascent, and traversing a small part of the brink of the precipice, in order to arrive at the great portal, the whole area of the castle was next to be passed through, before the keep (or tower of residence) could be approached; which stands at the remotest, and best protected corner of the area; and bears evident marks of the highest antiquity.

“Its dimensions within, like that at *Conisborough*, are small; being only 21 feet by 19, or a very little more: but the walls are near eight feet in thickness.

“It had no entrance on the ground, unless it was by a very narrow winding passage, where you now enter, by the side of which was a steep winding stair-case; and whether there was any original entrance even here is perhaps to be doubted.”

In this lower apartment are two small loops, one to the east, the other to the north; but there was no loop towards the outside of the castle, except one at a great height. Indeed its antiquity is so remote, that the use of the portcullis, and of wells within the wall for drawing up the beams of military machines, does not appear to have been understood when it was constructed. In the room above (the first floor of the keep, if we employ so

modern a phrase,) was the great entrance, by a flight of steps from the ballium to a platform, at the end of which was the magnificent portal. In this chamber were two windows, the one to the north opposite the portal, and the other in the centre towards the east, and consequently on the right of the entrance: both these were so guarded, and so deep in embrasure, that no weapon shot from the outside of the castle-walls could possibly reach them. On the fourth, or west side, exposed to the country, was no window at all, nor any opening, (on this side of the building,) but the narrow loop near the top. In one of the corners there is a narrow passage to a small closet formed in the thickness of the wall, and used in those rude times for convenient purposes. At the opposite corner is a similar closet, perhaps the well; but this is a point of antiquarian dubiety. In a third corner is the stair-case to the upper state apartment, very narrow, and rendered dangerous to invaders by several sharp turns. At the top of this stair, in the state-apartment, is a curious arched dome of stone, very singular in its construction, but very neat. There is but one window, a large one to the south, over the portal, and looking into the ballium or area of the Castle. "But the most remarkable thing here (says Mr. King) is a large nich in the wall, on the east side, with a singular kind of canopy, or ornament, at top; which having no window belonging to it, nor any due above, nor any outlet that could possibly induce the least suspicion of its serving for a chimney, leaves us room to suspect it might have been designed for the same purpose as that smaller one at Conisborough; and was indeed the *idol cell*, or little idolatrous chapel, in Pagan times. A circumstance, which if it be connected with that of the digging up certain small idols themselves, in this neighbourhood, a few years ago, will still add further strength to our conclusion, that this castle was of the highest antiquity, and may with the greatest propriety be classed with that at Conisborough.

"It is very remarkable, moreover, that on the North wall, there is a very odd appearance of projecting stones, in the form of a pent, as if, in latter ages, whilst the castle was in use, a roof had been *let in*; the sides of which were placed beneath this cell, on purpose to exclude it out of the apartment, from a just abhorrence of its original design.

"Such, therefore, as these two, I think, we may now fairly conclude, were some of the fortresses, and places of Royal residence, during the Heptarchy; although there unquestionably were, during the same period, many other Saxon fortifications, consisting merely of entrenchments of earth; which have hitherto, for want of due examination, been considered by some antiquaries as the only Saxon castles."

From this summary our readers will gather, that if the Peak Castle be the scene of the forthcoming Novel, it affords very romantic and striking objects for description. The barbarous splendour and the sanguinary crimes of a Norman Baron, though acted within the keep of a castle with only one room upon a floor, and that not the size of a modern cottage parlour, could have no more interesting site than the Castle of the Peak, and the wild and extraordinary country around it. Of the story of Ranulph's murder, which is probably the main incident of the Novel, we know little. Mr. Rhodes, in

his beautiful work on Peak Scenery, part I., states, that the correctness of the accusation was hardly disputable, and that the possessor of the brief honours of the Peverels, kings of the Peak, ignominiously fled to another country, stigmatized with the character of a murderer.

To a friend we are indebted for the following addition, but we do not know whence he has derived his information:

"He's now coming down to levy black mail on my own territories: this same Peverel was the father of the fair Mellet, who was offered in spousal, with the dower of land and lea, to the bravest knight in Christendom who should win her in tournament in the Peak. FITZGWARINE the Great was the successful combatant 'with a proud peacock for his crest,' against Alexander king of Scotland, and a king of France (I forget which king) and several other knights of arms. He brought her to Whittington, his barony and domain."

From a recent visit to this spot, we are prepared to enjoy with delight any fine descriptions of its bold and unusual landscapes. The rude and frightful hills, opening into the most pastoral valleys (such as the vale of Castleton, which stretches from the Shivering Mam-Tor all along beneath the ruins of the Peak Castle,) and watered by lovely streams, such as the Wye, the Dove, and the Derwent, do not present external features more worthy of the pen of Waverley, than do the internal wonders of this extraordinary region. The Peak-cavern is in itself an inestimable treasure; for imagination could not conceive a place more suited to a tale of feudal romance and ruthless assassination. This tremendous excavation is 750 yards in length, its entrance the most grand and solemn that fancy could devise, under an impending canopy of a huge rocky arch. Soon is the light of day lost in its recesses; subterraneous streams are passed, and alternately we wind along low-roofed and rugged passages, dripping caves, and spacious domes possessing more than cathedral magnitude and more than Gothic gloom. But not only this cavern, but the whole of the Peak of Derby, must be seen to have the effects upon the mind appreciated. We never spent a fortnight of more unmingled gratification than in making a tour of this remarkable region; and at this season of the year, when such excursions are so generally taken, we are sure no recommendation of ours could lead to greater gratification than that of a visit to the Peak of Derby. The natural beauties and stalactytical caves of Matlock; the druidical remains of Robin Hood's Leap and adjacent Moor; the Rocking Stones, of many tons weight, moved by a finger; the exploration of Mines; the ancient baronial edifice of Haddon Hall; the more modern splendour of Chatsworth; the delights of Bakewell; the wonders of Castleton and its vicinage; the ebbing and flowing Well; and Buxton, with all its attractions—are within the scope of ten days' enjoyment; and we will venture to say that there is no district of the same extent in Europe which offers greater attractions to the curious of every class. But our recollected admiration of these scenes has diverted us from Peverel of the Peak, to whose ruined walls we paid a lengthened visit, examining their ancient remains with the utmost interest. The Saxon Herring-bone still exists in the wall of the Keep. The ballium and its two square tur-

rets are in good preservation; one of the latter inhabited by a person who has charge of the place. The zig-zag ascent from Castleton, on the east side, though you see the Castle on the top of the hill, is hardly practicable without a guide, and very laborious. But the summit would repay a hundred times the toil. To the south the sight reposes on the sweet vale of Castleton. The west is commanded by higher mountains, between which and the Peak runs a deep ravine, whose side towards the Castle is a perfect precipice. On the north and north-east are seen the striking outlets from this hill-surrounded scene, and the famous Mam-Tor, whose splintery rocks often descend with a voice of thunder into the valley below.

Such is the seat of the once mighty family of the Peverels and their history offered to the hand of the Northern Magician; who if he resemble other Magicians, will find here every material for enchantment, from the terrific caverns of Gnomes or Banditti, to the loveliest scenes of nature in the midst of her more awful forms, the mist-covered hill and stormy upper peak;—and for his human pictures all the wildness and feudal grandeur of those times when the Baron's Keep rung to the Bard's song; his walls, filled with savage retainers, displayed manners and customs well worth the preserving record of such a limner; and his female companions, his family, his friends and his foes, bore a stamp and impress so peculiar, as to be susceptible of being wrought into the tapestry of fiction with all the fidelity, spirit, and interest of Ivanhoe.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Sketches from Designs by Mr. Dagley.

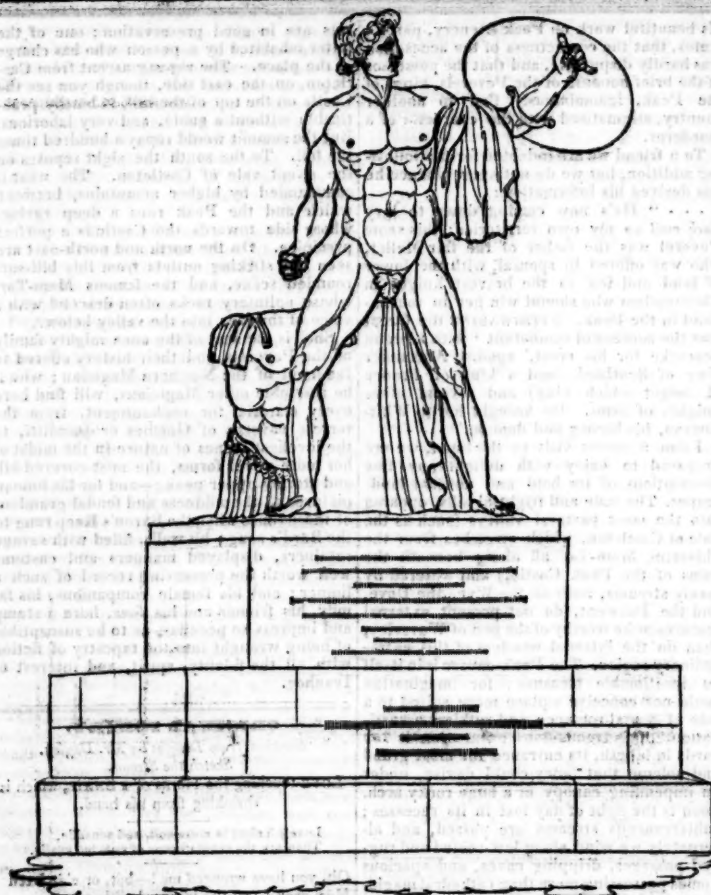
Sketch the Second.

LOVE touching the Horns of a SNAIL, which is shrinking from his hand.

Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.

Oh, you have wronged me I—but, or e'er I tell
How deep I feel the injury, I will
One moment linger o'er the things which were
Precious as happiness; I will just say,
For the last time, how I have loved you! All
My hopes in life dwelt with you, for you were
The centre of existence; all I said,
Or did, or thought, had reference to you.
I would have shared the bleakest poverty
With you, and only sorrowed for your sake;
I would have given up all the world could give
Of pleasure for you—and your kiss, your smile
To me had been light, mirth, and revelry.
You had my soul's first incense, for my heart
Had never darkened with love's conscious shadow,
Till you did set your image like a seal
Upon its every fibre. Oh, I could
Have borne with open shame, with pain, with toil;
Have drained the vilest dregs of bitterness—
But cannot bear unkindness and neglect.
Thrice venomous is the wound when 'tis Love's hand
Inflicts the blow. Look on this picture—here
Are all my feelings imaged! Mark how soon,
How sensitive that creature shrinks away
From Love's rude touch, within its own calm home.
'Tis thus my soul's revealings have been checked,
And forced to shrink within themselves again,
And I might envy even that "cockled" Snail:
It will find in its shell a quiet rest—
But when my feelings turn unto the heart
That sent them forth, what will they find there but
A desert, where the too impassioned past
Has left deep fiery traces!

L. E. L.



FINE ARTS.

STATUE TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, &c.

WE, three weeks since, took an opportunity of describing this Statue, mentioning its origin as a British monument, detailing the history of its model as a work of art, and giving a brief account of casting in bronze, generally, as derived from the best authorities. Very favourably impressed with the magnificent effect produced by this figure on its pedestal in Hyde Park, we spoke of it as we felt, and were little prepared to expect that it would become the copious source of abuse and ribaldry to three-fourths, at least, of the periodical press. This we are sorry for, because it is, we think, unjust:—we are sure that it is unpatriotic, and has led to the obtrusion of much indecency, as well as to the display of lamentable ignorance. Upon these points, while adorning our page with an Engraving of the Statue, we beg to offer a few remarks; imputing nothing to fair and candid reasoners (from whom we may differ) but a different taste for the arts to that which we cherish, and holding it to be beneath our while to enter into controversy with the pseudo wittlings who have made this superb

work a butt for their contemptible shafts. When tired of scribbling against it, they may go and try to stick pins into the statue, in which, with their powers, they will equally succeed, especially if they try *the heel*.

We have said that the railings vented upon this subject are unpatriotic. Let us compare a Foreign with a British artist. A Frenchman, a German, a Dane, or an Italian, produces a great work in sculpture or painting:—how is it received by the countrymen of the artist? The press makes common cause with it, and rings with its praises; the Great are proud to countenance and encourage the individual; his fame is boasted as a national honour; and if fault is found, it is clothed in the kindest forms of criticism, and not in the angry language of censure and vituperation. On the other side, we need only look to the fate of this statue, to learn what awaits the English aspirant, the author of any high effort in the arts. Instead of the press to aid him, he is attacked by every puny whipster who can obtain access to have his spiteful stupidity printed,—and truly that access is sufficiently easy. Instead of patronage, he has

to encounter the malignity of contemporary rivalry and envy. Instead of being considered as a man contributing to grace his country, he is calumniated as if he were guilty of some particular crime; and, in short, like the very theme of our observations, he stands, as it were, with an invitation affixed, for every dirty fellow to come and shoot his rubbish against him. Thus treated, England can have no cause of complaint if the Fine Arts do not flourish and improve with her, as with nations where more liberal sentiments are cultivated, and where encouragement, not obloquy, attends even unsuccessful attempts at grand productions.

The present, in our opinion, is on the contrary eminently successful. We will not dwell on the figure itself, for it has stood the test of the finest judgments, for ages, and has been universally admitted to be one of the most sublime conceptions of human genius. Of its copy it is but necessary to say, that it is faithful *ad unguem*. But, alas! it is naked brass; and refined civilization has so sharpened our sensibilities, that for the first time in the annals of the Arts and of the world, the *nude* has, in 1820, become synonymous with the *indecent*. On such a question we can only speak from the impression made on our own mind by the sight of the Statue; and to us (speaking from this feeling) it seems as impossible to associate any unchaste or indecorous idea with it, as with a view of a war-horse, Westminster Abbey, or the Sun. Rank must be the soil where such a weed could spring up; and as for its being combined with any knowledge of or relish for the fine arts, that notion is too absurd to deserve a moment's notice. To apply to the instance before us, in answer to strictures which we have observed in several Journals, we would suggest a few points for reflection to the unprejudiced part of the public.

Presuming the Statue, if not by Phidias, to be the work of one of the greatest sculptors of ancient Greece, and knowing that it has been esteemed by all the greatest sculptors which centuries have produced, to be the most noble personification of abstract youthful Valour in action, it is demonstrable that if it presents the Beau Ideal of that form, it cannot betray a single feature or line connected with the impure or obscene. We adhere to the past authorities, that it does express what its author intended; and, to say the truth, despise the modern cavillers, who would attach to it an incongruous idea.

But if the Nude be really indecent, how comes it that a discovery so fatal to the Arts, should not have been brought forward till now? How comes it that neither the Hercules on the stair-case at Somerset House, the Theseus and Ulyssus among the Elgin marbles, the Apollo Belvidere, nor any of the chef-d'œuvres of antiquity, have been attacked on that score? Why was it reserved for a copy of one of these illustrious works (a copy, be it especially observed, whose *Colour* is calculated to remove any

• The John Bull Newspaper has wittily called the Statue the *green man*: an obscene being, no doubt, but we never saw one.

idea of impurity which marble, more closely resembling flesh, might by possibility inspire in gross minds,) why was it reserved for such a copy to be assailed with all these puerile and paltry objections?

Again, if the principle on which they are founded be correct, if nude figures are inimical to virtue and inconsistent with modesty, it is full time, for the good of society, to destroy all the hitherto blindly considered sublime and beautiful remains of antiquity, which have been held to be the most invaluable wealth and inestimable ornaments of the greatest nations. Nor is this enough, we must forbid the study and practice of the finest branches of the artist's profession. He shall need no anatomy who must clothe his Hercules and drape his Eves. She was at once, in the eye of heaven, innocent and naked; but her representation must be covered, to prevent its being immodest! Henceforward the passions and the physical sufferings must be expressed by the countenance alone: nor Fear, nor Grief, nor Agony, nor Force, nor Want, nor Fury, shall have a limb or a muscle to pourtray them. They must speak to the sense through the folds of decent wrappings; lest our morals be tainted, and green men be as often longed for as green fruits.

Neither will it be enough that what have been so purely called "the chaste nudities of the antique," should vanish, and the modern arts be reformed; we must descend lower and labour more extensively if we mean to cleanse the Augean stable, of which the Achilles of the unweaving Mr. Westmacott is the chief monster. Our commonest fountains, heretofore unimproved; our most universal edificial ornaments in relief, hitherto guiltless of improper suggestion; our signs of Belles Savages and the like, never before slandered by imputed indecorum, must all be changed, new-modelled, or extirpated, in order that our streets, roads, houses, halls, churches, and Ludgate Hill, may no longer offend the eyes and deteriorate the natures of Strand Cats and Holborn Lucretias!

We have been led rather more at length than we intended into a defence of the style of Art to which this statue belongs; but something was called for to stem that flood of silly and vulgar abuse with which the press has teemed on this subject, addressed to popular delusion, and, as usual, founded on some assumption of immaculate virtue or moral rectitude, the convenient vehicles to cover malice, ignorance, and the uncharitable vanity of displaying our own smartness at the expense of our neighbours. We shall only repeat, that they must be utterly destitute of any taste or feeling for the Fine Arts, who support, in earnest, the doctrines we have endeavoured to combat, in particular with regard to the indecency of the nude figure, which the better it is executed is the farther removed from this reproach.

Upon the application of the present design to the object proposed in the inscription, we confess that we are less certain. We will not presume to pronounce upon the question which will always divide

public opinion, namely, whether a copy of an acknowledged ancient masterpiece, or an original design by a living artist, is best calculated to be satisfactory. We shall only say that we should rejoice to see London bristled with such glorious ornaments as this statue; and that we should be more rejoiced if any monuments comparable to it were supplied by contemporary genius. Nor would we overflow with gall and reprobation, if works so produced were not altogether blameless; on the contrary, we should applaud their merits, and hope for nearer approaches to perfection, as the consequence of the cheering voice of public fame and public encouragement, so indispensable to the sensitive race of genius. We may here observe, that probably the clearest proof of the fact, that all the scurrility uttered about the Statue has failed to impart that corrupt bias to the popular thought which it was meant to give, is to be found among the crowds who daily surround and gaze at it; we have repeatedly mixed with these, consisting of persons of both sexes, and of all ages and ranks, for hours, and we solemnly declare that we never heard one immodest remark or unbecoming expression upon the subject. On the contrary, the people evince much interest in it; speak of it as a striking spectacle; and buy with avidity a little outline and brief account of it, which an industrious printer is working off from his press at a penny the sheet.

Looking at the figure in a classical light, we are certainly not disposed to approve of its being pronounced in the inscription to be Achilles. The correctness of that appellation is, to say the least of it, involved in much obscurity; and it seems to us that a less individual appropriation would have been better suited to the design. Therefore had the argument for its being Achilles been ten times more conclusive than it is, we should have rather leant the other way, as more suited to our purpose, and have erected the statue as that of Valour, an abstract principle not peculiar to Greece or the Trojan war, but applicable to all great achievements by heroes in all ages and of every clime. We do not know whether it is or is not possible to reconsider this point; but it is the more needful to be reconsidered, because, if the name of Achilles is to remain on the pedestal, it strikes us that the additions to the ancient model, the shield on the upraised arm, and the sword or spear (whatever is placed) in the other hand, will deserve a very elaborate investigation to determine their propriety. The present shield (which is a fit size for its place and relative proportions,) not only wants richness of execution, but, as far as we have been able to form a judgment, is inconsistent with the era of Achilles. Homer throughout not only describes the Greek shields (and particularly that of Achilles) as highly adorned, but as broad and large. They protect their owners; they lean and sleep upon them: Ajax's shield covers his whole back; leaders and warriors kneel and fight behind their shields; and their corpses

when slain are borne off upon them. It was not till much later in Grecian history that we read of small shields (the Spartan, for instance) being accounted honourable in battle; in sieges and attacks upon walls, it is evident that this defence was, as it ought to have been, of the utmost portable dimension. With respect to the right hand, we are of opinion, from a careful examination of its position, that if it held any instrument it could not have been a sword, and if a spear, that it was the short spear, not upright, but reversed. We mean that the barb was below the hand, and the arm in the act of being raised to hurl the javelin. This is, however, more conjectural. The fingers do not seem to grasp a heavy instrument; and if Achilles at Scyros is to be insisted upon, the attitude is more suited to throwing away the distaff than to wielding the sword. But we trust this reference will be abandoned; for the association of the hero's exploits at the Court of Lycomedes with the modern monument, is by no means to be coveted.

Considered simply as a production of Art, the figure is of the grandest gladiatorial form, with less of the powerful than is exhibited in the action of the gladiator Repellans, and more energy than is witnessed in the action of the Apollo, to which it is similar in character. From its principal view, the gates of Hyde Park, the upper parts come finely contrasted with the sky, tho' the lower limbs are rather shackled by the armour and drapery necessary for support. It may be conjectured from these, that the original did not stand in the open air, but in some niche of a mighty temple or national edifice. When the surrounding paling is removed, and an easy ascent made to the *chevans de frise*, which are, we understand, to be placed on a wall within a few feet of the base, the full effect of the statue, however, will be more forcibly perceived. The Ladies' Trophy will then "hstride the narrow world like a Colossus," a splendid monument of conception in the ancient, and of execution in the modern artist; while those who have vainly tried to convert the noble into the ridiculous, the patriotic into the shameful, and the sublime into the impure, will the

"----- petty men
Walk under his huge legs."

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

THE SPOWS OF LONDON.—No. X.

Quelque Chose!—Dict. de l'Académie.

SERPENTS.

THERE are now exhibiting, by a daughter of the late Polito's (as we are told,) in one of the small rooms of the Egyptian Hall, three fine specimens of the serpent tribes. Two are Boas, and not so large as we have seen these creatures alive; but they are curious just now, from the circumstance of one having cast its skin, and the other being in the act of losing its outer covering. The former is more lively than its companion, which is comparatively dull and torpid. The head has a strange appearance, especially about the eyes, which look like

born organs in a mask, and are in fact little else. The motions of these enormous snakes are exceedingly beautiful: raising their heads as if by a magic power, when they assume a perpendicular direction; and when moving horizontally, undulating in the most sliding, graceful, and picturesque involutions. The action is visibly performed by the ribs within, which operate as a thousand feet to produce an almost imperceptible but rapid progress. The tongue is soft and harmless, resembling a swallow's tail, the danger from this animal being only in its tremendous power of compression and in its bite. The scales are smooth, and the colours varied and rich.

In a smaller cage (also lined with flannel, and the front well guarded with wire,) is a serpent of a more mortal character, and one which we are not aware was ever brought alive to England: it is the famous Cobre de Capello, the Hooded or Spectacle Snake (*Coluber Naja* of Linnaeus.) Of this venomous reptile the bite is certain and speedy death, unless a remedy is immediately applied. A volatile alkali taken internally, and constant action to prevent sleep, form, we believe, the best antidote. The specimen here exhibited is about five feet in length. Its head is flat, and its aspect singularly fierce and disagreeable. If provoked, it darts so furiously against the wires as to injure itself; and now seemingly aware of this, except much irritated, it only shows its resentment by hissing, erecting its head, and looking stedfastly at the assailant. The Boas under similar circumstances also hiss and endeavour to bite. On each side of the neck of the Cobre (which is very small) are radiations like lateral fins; and behind the two marks which procure it the name of Spectacle. Its colour is browner than that of the boas, and the speckles by no means so brilliant. The scales are rough—generally if not always a characteristic of the poisonous serpent. The tongue forked, like the others, and harmless, the venom lying in grooves of the teeth. When deprived of these fangs, which are long and crooked, the Cobre is taught to dance to the Indian's pipe, and to writhe innocuously about his person. It is evidently the same snake which we see carved so often and so highly venerated among the mystic symbols in Egyptian and oriental temples; and thus, besides its attractions to the naturalist, presents something of interest to the antiquarian.

These animals have been about six weeks in this country, and have as yet taken no food. They drink a little, and void a white fluid which becomes hard. The Boas may be equal to swallow a fowl or a rabbit; while the Cobre would probably be contented with bread and milk or food of that kind. They merit a visit from the curious.

WINE AND WALNUTS;

OR,

AFTER-DINNER CHIT-CHAT.

By a Cockney Greybeard.—Chap. VI.

A RAMBLE ON THE HEATH.

It could not fail to be a "day of days" with such a party. Caleb, as aforesaid, was never

lacking—it was with him one continued scene of gaiety. Frank as an Hibernian, social as an Englishman, lively as a Frenchman, and trusty as a Scot—no good but he enjoyed in full, and no little evil or cross that he did not turn to good account. "O! rare! It smoothes the rough edge of disappointment to be merry," said he, "and draws the venom from the sting of ill-will; it is only your great calamities that cannot be subdued by laughter, and they must be battled by philosophy," throwing his arms about—he was all gesture. "I hate your querulous sparks, that fly here and there to ignite every little dormant evil into a blaze: therefore, my boys, let's be merry and wise."

"It was this inveterate spirit of gaiety that got us first acquainted," said Garrick, who was many years his senior. "The young Scot waggishly said he would catch me, and egad! he did." Garrick, indeed, was much indebted to his pen for various admirable squibs in his defence, when certain wits of the town were running the veteran actor too hard. Caleb's playful invention turned the tables upon his opponents with such admirable tact, that those who had united against their Roscius, they knew not why, began to think how much they owed him on the old score of delightful entertainment; and again righteously became his warmest admirers and steadiest friends. It was by this generous exercise of his pen, whilst yet but a young man among the wits, that many jarring interests, now forgotten, were set to rights, and many who had fancied themselves neglected by each other, lived as before in right good fellowship.

These good, sound, old-fashioned qualities, added to his original license for making friends, gave him ten years advantage over his compeers, enlarged his circle; and Caleb was thus early admitted to the best tables, and seated above the salt.

Master Caleb then was a choice spirit—Gainsborough perfectly unique—Reynolds, (I would always write Sir Joshua, from respect)—Reynolds interesting to the very letter of polite converse—Garrick a mirror of all that should delight—Sterne's gossip—was it not above all price?—and young Bunbury a promising disciple of that old school, the memory of which might well eke out another tear.

Yes! I have lately stood and mused on that still spot, upon that hill that faces the back window of our little inn, where, on a space that might be covered with our old club-carpet, once stood these worthies, sniffling the pure air, and talking of the beauty of the scene. Yes! there I stood, and musing said, Their eyes then sparkling with the joy of friendly chat—now dim. Their bodies, now unconscious as the sand on which I tread, then watching as they did yon same eternal sun, setting resplendent, that to-morrow and to-morrow, alike mighty in resplendence, shall rise and set again.

The meadows were as green to them, and glittering with golden butter cups; but not a blade of grass, nor shrub, nor bush, perhaps, existing now, of all the spreading scene their living eyes beheld!

Old trees are gone, and young grown out of knowledge. The grazing kine that animate the vale, by many generations new, yet loving as of old. The black-bird at the same evening song; and hark the cuckoo, not less regarded for its homely strain; and on the nearest spray—aye! scarcely out of reach, the fearless little stranger robin, whistling

familiar, like many an old acquaintance red-breast of the spot. These struck their senses then—now they are not!

"There, Reynolds," said Gainsborough, (I think I hear him now, the enthusiast!)—"there! look along this dell, how richly wooded!" It was one of those painter-like evenings when the declining sun threw its lengthened rays between vast islands of grey clouds seated in the mid Heaven, tinging their shores as 'twere with æthereal hues, and lighting the earthly landscape beneath with enchanting variety.

"I am no friend to enclosures," said he—"yet this picture composes well—yes! beautifully! intersected as it is! But the enclosures are small, and the trees group well together—better than one usually sees from a rising ground. None but an ass would build upon a hill—unless there be hills above—unless indeed one could have the picture lighted up in this glorious painter-like style.—Thirteen degrees of distance have I counted—all distinct. Look, Sir Joshua! how that sweep betwixt Hendon and Mill-hill reposes in dusky shade.—What aerial perspective—how prismatic! 'tis like viewing nature through the medium of a lens. Sterne, you fabricator of feeling,—you—youth—manufacturer of fiction—is there any feeling or fiction that comes up to this? What! are you dumb, Uncle Toby—does not this scene raise your notions of the Creator? What holy work!—to paint with hand divine so gloriously for the delight of Man! Man—creation's darling—all—all for him—the creature alone of intellect!—Yet, poor little creeping driveller, he would play the Creator too. Yes! it is profane to hope to paint like this."

"Go on," said Sterne, "proceed, enthusiast—for now thou art inspired!"

"Yes, Reynolds! Man is a little Creator too—let us do the reptile justice! Is he not made in the Image Divine? I hate to hear you churchmen prate of crawling reptiles—worms—and stuff.—You, Lawrence Sterne! Claude was a little Creator. Have you not seen some of his works—almost—all but divine! Only a step short of the miraculous—now is that hyperbolic—I ask you, Reynolds?"

"I have, indeed, looked on some of his compositions with astonishment," replied Sir Joshua; "wonderfully near to nature are his effects."

"Absolute creation!—Ah! you may raise your eyes, my dear Lawrence, and think me profane—call it by any other name, and you profane his genins,—and what! is it not to the glory of the mighty Creator, to create a being with faculties to do such deeds?—Now by that same sun—behold it, Sterne,—no, I forgot, you are not an eagle—Well then, by that same sun that you have not grace enough to face—by heaven, Lawrence, how finely your face is lighted up at this moment—do not stir!—Look, Reynolds!—Nay, turn not away; shut your eyes, Yorick; what a glowing tint! Lawrence, when you sit to me, mark I'll paint you thus—why your thin visage looks like one of the glowing heads of Titian.—Whip me, boy, but I never saw thy genius blaze forth like this before—Reynolds—Garrick—is it not mighty fine?—I'll be sworn the Venetians painted their portraits in blazing sun-shine. There's the glorious secret of Lionardi's richness too. What a Saint Jerome would he make. Deo valente

"I'll make a Saint of you, and shame the Bishops."

"Well, and look at our friend Roscius too—how finely his visage flows. There's a subject for you, Sir Joshua," said Sterne.

"Phoo!" replied Gainsborough, "round as a dumplin, and no more expression than a barber's block."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Garrick, smiling and taking off his hat.

"Not at all," replied the enthusiast rapidly—"Not at all, you can put on expression at will, all Le-Brun in your dressing-glass—not old mother Corneille keeps a better stock of masks; but as for Lawrence—look upon his fine anatomical phiz!"

"Hold! now it comes again." "Pon my life, thou holy friar, now that the light of heaven shines once more upon you—you look as you ought—the very picture of a saint. So Titian-esque, so Guido-like a subject for an *Altar-piece*. Ha—ha—ha—ha! Do but fancy our delectable *Mister Shandy* stuck in an ebony frame, worshipped day and night by a galaxy of sighing—pale-faced—love-stricken—coral-lipped Nuns! yes! my dear Yorick! see Pythagoras to *transmogrify* thee to an altar-piece, then for the Promethean-torch, and there's a heaven for Sterne!"

"What are those old flograms about there?" said Gainsborough—"Herbarizing, good Lord!—Peeping at nature through the nether end of the glass! Well, every one to his humour. So, Reynolds, whilst we are massing together nature by wholesale, these microscopic gentoos are larding it out retail—disciples of old Leuwenhoek, making a map of the world on a silver penny—some F.R.S. or A.S.S., I'll be sworn."

"Yes, we be a little in the landscape way, sure enough," said Samuel Foote, who at that moment popped his head from beneath a sand-bank.

"What, my Sammy-boy, is it you?" said Gainsborough;—"why who would have dreamt of meeting Aristophanes in this wild region?"

"Hey, what herbalising—botanising!" said Garrick.

"Herbarizing!" replied Foote, "yes, by the Lord, (taking out his watch) one hour and twenty minutes have I been winding among the furzen bushes, like a *coaster-monger*, after that learned A.S.S., *ali-aw* an anti-queer-i-an there, (pointing at Dr. Ducarel)—the cat's-eyed owl with his *myonurus minimus*,* making me skip about, devil take him, with his *polygonum bistorta*,† when out whipped a viper, which made me wish to Heaven both; my legs had been made of *bottle-stoppers*. Next time they catch me here snake-catching, 'twill be in fisherman's boots. Hilloa! are you coming, my worthy Doctor?" Then laughing, as Garrick offered his cane to assist him up the bank—"I wish their breeches were stuffed with some of their curious *poly-podium aculeatum*,‡ and be-hanged to them, that we might find our way to a bowl of punch."

"Look! here's a rare specimen of the *sorbus domestica*!§" said the Doctor to Foote, not regarding the other gentlemen—"Very pretty, no doubt, Doctor," said he, quite out of breath; "but I must take off my scutellaria

minor," taking off his wig and wiping his cranium. "I am verily in search of a better specimen of your *sorbus domestica*, in the shape of the old *Bull and Bush*."

"How do you do, Doctor?" said Sterne.

"Why, that's Burlington Harry,* (Henry Flitcroft) sure, trudging up the path; what, is he going to turn virtuoso, Doctor?"

"Why, Doctor, you are not going to make him a member of your learned body, sure, for building that brick church, and you a learned priest!" said Garrick.

"There was a time," said Foote, entering into the spirit of the party at once—"there was a time when *Old Scratch*† used to carry stones up high hills to build chapels. Now if he is out of employment, I wish he would busy himself in carrying them down again."

"Come, come, do not be too hard upon my worthy friend," said Dr. Ducarel; "he had no voice in the business—it was a subscription affair, raised entirely by the piety of the parish, and out of a very limited fund. 'Tis a notable monument of a cockney church; I own; but Time, which improves pictures with its sober hues, as you know, Mr. Gainsborough, will cover it in due season with hoary age."

"No," said Gainsborough, "your true Rhinish improves with age; but a bad picture will never become a good one, though Time work at it double tides. And if Hampstead church should stand on Hampstead Hill, 'till all the colours fade in the rainbow—it will never become picturesque."

"How d'ye do, gentlemen?" said the architect, as he came up to the group—he was a formal, good kind of man—"How d'ye do, Mister Garrick?—O, and the reverend Mister Sterne, too!—Sir Joshua Reynolds, your most obedient humble servant—How do you do, Mister Gainsborough?"—bowing to the others, whom he did not know. "What, gentlemen, viewing our fine scenery this fine evening?—Aye, Mister Gainsborough, this must be just to your satisfaction,—I—I envy you gentlemen your powers of the painting-brush—Yes, indeed! you must enjoy this scenery superior to us, who know nothing of these matters. A very pretty picture this, indeed—very pretty. What do you think of my church, Mister Gainsborough, as viewed in perspective from Primrose Hill? I'm assured it makes a notable object from that point of view."

"Gainsborough thinks it a better object a great way off, King Harry," said Foote, always enjoying a little mischief.

"Then where would you view it from, Mister Gainsborough?" said the architect, not at all seeing the joke.

"Why from Shuter's Hill," said Garrick, laughing.

* So nick-named at the Board of Works. He had been a carpenter; but from an accident in falling from a scaffold at the celebrated Lord Burlington's, he obtained the notice of that nobleman, by whose patronage, and his own merits, he became an architect of some celebrity, and acquired wealth.

† This idle superstition relates to many churches built upon heights, which the Old Enemy was said to have placed there, to fatigue the pious in their approach to the house of worship.

‡ On the site of this unpicturesque building stood a little rural church, which being in a ruinous state, was pulled down about the year 1745, when the present church was erected by Henry Flitcroft, then surveyor-general, or holding some superior appointment in the Board of Works.

"Shuter's Hill!" exclaimed Flitcroft—"Why then, Sir, Mister Gainsborough must look at it through a spying-glass."

"No, Sir," said Gainsborough, who would not willingly give offence—"these wags make me say more than I ever thought."—Gainsborough wished them all at Nova Scotia, and would have put an end to the question; but the architect would drive on the discourse—"How would you wish to see it, then, Mister Gainsborough?—Pray favour me with your observations."

"Why, by twilight, or moonlight," said Gainsborough.

"And why so, Sir, may I beg to know?"

"Because then I should see the structure all in one mass."

"Aye, I thought so," replied Flitcroft; "you gentlemen have always great notions of art. Yes, I'm told it makes a good fine mass, sure enough!—Dear me! I should like to see a picture of it from your notable genius, Mister Gainsborough—it would be very rural—very picturesque!"

"This was pushing the matter rather too far."

"Picturesque!" echoed the painter, losing his patience—"What the devil have you builders to do with the picturesque!"

"But I would have you to know that I am not a builder, Mr. Gainsborough; I am an architect, and have studied in the Burlington school," returned Flitcroft, piqued at the observation.

"Be it so," retorted Gainsborough. "Then, Mr. Architect, who art no builder, why not conjure up a Gothic building? By the powers, were I king of England, and potent as Harry the Eighth, I would proclaim, that he who built a church, should erect it in the old English architecture, and fail not, or lose his ears. Why did you not make a Gothic church—and why did you not build it of stone?"

"For two good reasons, Mister Gainsborough—First, because we had not money enough—and secondly, Mister Gainsborough, because—because—because I have no opinion of Gothic."

"Ha—ha—ha—ha! Well," said Gainsborough, "that is a fiat! Ha—ha—ha—ha! No—my Lord Burlington had a contempt for Gothic; ergo, the Burlington school have a contempt for Gothic."

"And ergo," added Flitcroft, "I suppose Mr. Gainsborough has a contempt for the whole *tote* of them."

"You have saved me the trouble of saying so, by Jupiter!" said Gainsborough—"Ha—ha—ha—ha!"

Flitcroft was nettled, but not to be laughed from the field.—"Well, Mister Gainsborough," said he, "were you a sovereign, you would have other despotic laws to punish every good farmer that filled up deep cart-ruts, or new thatched a crazy barn, or put up a new paling to keep out the swine—of course."

"Yes, by the Lord you are right!—I hate your rich farmers, as I hate the Burlingtonians, (laughing all the while)—the landscape-spoiling rogues!"

"Yes," said Foote, taking up the cudgels for his old friend Flitcroft—"and Mr. Gainsborough would command every sheep-shearer to be clean sheared of his ears, for shearing the fleece—they look so picturesque with their shaggy coats."

"Certainly," added Garrick, to give the worthy old builder a lift—"Gainsborough had rather go without a coat than rob the innocents of their wool."

* Little mouse-tail. + Snake-weed.

† Foote had a cork leg, which he facetiously used to call by an hundred comical names, as the humour served.

‡ Prickly polypody.

§ True service-tree.—All these and many more curious plants growing on the heath.

"That I would, by Jupiter!" said Gainsborough.

"Mercy on a landscape-painter's tenants," said Sterne, (for all entered into the humour of the dialogue, and all generously took part with Filicoff)—"Aye, mercy on them—their farms must be stocked with Pharaoh's lean kine, broken-down carts, ragged harness, lame wheelbarrows, creaking gates, rag-stuffed easements, broken tiles, broken-kneed horses—"

"And broken bankrupt tenantry, or the devil's in't," added Foote, "with such Gainsborough-like tattered and torn homesteads."

"That's the farming for the philanthropic Tom," said Garrick;—"and he were rich, they would be happy—for whip me if I do not think he would pay his tenants for doing of nothing—save and except keeping every thing carefully out of repair!"

"A pretty picture this," said Sir Joshua, "of our worthy friend Gainsborough's RURAL ECONOMY."

The sun had set, and all parties being in high good-humour, it was agreed to accept of Mr. Henry Filicoff's hospitality, and away we went to the Grove, to sup at his delightful villa; and what passed there shall form the subject of another Chapter.

• Mr. Filicoff built himself a handsome villa at the end of the Grove on the top of Holly Bush Hill, where he died in 1769. This place, with its beautiful grounds, (called Montagu Grove) is now in the occupation of the Rev. Dr. White, the incumbent of Hampstead.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.—Last week the farce of Peeping Tom was revived. Liston, its single prop, is what Edwin was, and by his droll looks excites the only laughter which this stupid and indecent entertainment can raise. Indeed were he not possessed of the most egregious powers of foolery, it is impossible that even a gallery visitor could sit out a piece at once so silly and so offensive. The drivelling libidinousness of the Mayor, and the prurient curiosity of Tom, on which the whole turns, are foundations which could produce only such scenes as had better never be witnessed on the stage. Then there is another imbecile old man, Crazy, whose sole humour consists in his supposing himself, in his dotage, somebody else. We do not intend to give our readers a lecture, with a farce for its text, upon the reverence due to old age, but there is something revolting in seeing the infirmity of age brought forward to be ridiculed and laughed at. The other parts are of too little consequence to be mentioned; except that Mr. Coveney's eye-glass is rather an original thought (for the Saxon era,) and that Mr. Leon Lee's songs are very prettily sung.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—Miss Clara Fisher finished her performances with a benefit on Tuesday. As an extraordinary example of what may be taught a child, her acting is certainly very curious. We look at it as we would at a flea in a chariot team, or a learned lobster, or the automaton chess-player, wondering how the deuce the thing could be taught; but it destroys all the illusion of the drama,—and not only of the

drama in which she takes part, but of the drama generally, for whenever we see a clever actor afterwards, the impression is strong upon our minds "This is trick and not intellect, mere traditional imitativeness, and not original talent." In witnessing the Duenna with this little Wonder's Isaac Mendoza, these thoughts occurred very forcibly; and even her more congenial exertions in Little Pickle (Spoiled Child) only confirmed their truth. Yet her personation of this character is really surprising, and so admirably sustained that it must be seen to have its playfulness and spirit fully appreciated. We are assured that out of the pale of her theatrical exhibitions this Clara displays no remarkable abilities, but is on the contrary rather less informed than girls of her age usually are.

The late Mr. EMERY has left a numerous family, a widow, and two aged parents in very poor circumstances; and a subscription has been entered into to make some provision for these, now unprotected beings. The Theatrical Fund will of course advance to its utmost limit in their behalf; and we have great satisfaction in stating that Covent Garden Theatre is to be opened on Monday for their benefit. On this night the English Opera House will be shut, and almost all the performers in town, whose engagements permit, have volunteered their assistance so as to combine great dramatic attractions with those benevolent motives which will, we have no doubt, make this an overflowing audience.

VARIETIES.

Another new Comet, very small and undefined, without a tail, has been discovered at the Observatories of Paris and Marseilles, July 20th and 26th. This is the second, since last May: it is in the constellation Cepheus.

The late Dr. Clarke.—Among the most interesting works of which we hear as being in preparation, *The Life and Remains of the late Dr. Clarke* takes a foremost place. Whether we consider that distinguished individual as a traveller to whose acute observation so many important subjects were offered, or as a man of eminent scientific acquirements, it is alike a desideratum that his posthumous papers should be ably edited. Among our MSS. intended for the Literary Gazette, we have had lying by us, for some time, a Sketch on this subject, which the above announcement will induce us to insert without further delay.

Copenhagen, July.—Professor Finn Magnussen's Northern Mythology is now advertised under the title of "The Doctrine of the Edda, and its Origin." It will be published by the bookseller Gyldenhal, in four volumes, of 20 or 25 sheets each, printed to match the translation of the Older Edda.

It is reported here, that volcanic eruptions have again caused great ravages in Iceland. As soon as any authentic account of this phenomenon reaches us, we shall not fail to publish it.

Kokant Tartars.—The account which has recently been published of the very interesting journey which the Russian Embassy* made to the Tartar country of Kokant (in Central Asia,) informs us that the inhabitants speak the Turkish language in the greatest purity, and are very far advanced in civilization. The strictest probity is stated to prevail among them. Whoever is convicted of imposition, is immediately stripped of all his clothes, without respect to person, scourged with whips through all the streets, and compelled to proclaim himself aloud to be a cheat. Their lawsuits are carried on without any records of the proceedings. The priests are their judges, who in large assemblies, at which the commander in chief presides, hear causes and pass sentence. Treachery and usury are punished with death. The property of a person executed falls to the public treasury; his wives and grown-up daughters are given in marriage to common soldiers. For theft, one or both hands are lopped off, according to the value of the thing stolen: immediately after the execution of the sentence, the stumps of the arms are dipped in boiling oil, and the thief is then suffered to depart as incapable of farther mischief. A murderer is given up to the relations of the persons murdered, who are at liberty either to kill him or sell him. Adulteresses are buried in the earth up to the breast, and then stoned to death by the people.

A Vessel of the length of 60 feet has been discovered at the wharf of Matham, near Rolvenden, Kent. It is buried partly in the bank, and the keel partly under the bed of the River Rother; where it is supposed to have lain 500 years. Men are employed to dig up this remarkable wreck.

A person was praising the boxes of the Haymarket theatre (certainly the most inconvenient and unfit for their use that ever were constructed) on the score of their box-fronts; "Aye, aye," replied one of the company, "that is their only recommendation, for as you cannot see the stage from them, you can but entice ladies to enter them by having a *beau* to each."

At a representation of French comedy, last week, at the West London Theatre, in the midst of a comic part, the ornamental figure of the Sun under the stage-box fell down with a heavy crush upon the stage and covered it with plaster, &c. which caused some murmurs of disapprobation from the audience; upon which M. Laporte (a leading comedian) looking up at the place where it had thence so refulgently, restored good humour and laughter by exclaiming "Ce n'est rien d'une eclipse, Messieurs."

* The subject of a Review in the last Quarterly, but confined to the personal adventures of the Ambassador, without giving us any insight into the customs, &c. of the people.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Sagittarius next week.

Shakespeare's Portrait in our next. We request Mr. P. to accept our thanks for the interesting communication.—Answers to Correspondents next week.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

JULY.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	25 from 55 to 71	29.62 to 29.68
Friday	26 from 56 to 72	29.72 stat.
Saturday	27 from 47 to 70	29.73 to 29.69
Sunday	28 from 55 to 70	29.53 to 29.49
Monday	29 from 55 to 72	29.49 to 29.50
Tuesday	30 from 51 to 64	29.50 to 29.53
Wed.	31 from 41 to 66	29.64 to 29.63

Prevaling winds W. and SW.—Every day showery since Friday; with a smart fall of hail on Sunday noon.—Rain fallen .45 of an inch.

On Monday the 5th August, at 13 hours 21 min. 15 sec. the 2d Satellite of Jupiter eclipsed.
Edmonton. JOHN ADAMS.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Patron—His Majesty.

Vice-Patron—His Royal Highness the Duke of York.

THE British Institution for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom, established on the 4th of June 1805, having been found eminently successful in the objects proposed to be attained by it, this Institution shall be considered as established upon similar principles, and shall follow its rules and regulations as far as practicable.

The object of the Institution, under His Majesty's patronage, is to promote the cultivation of the science of Music, and afford facilities for attaining perfection in it, by assisting with general instruction the natives of this country, and thus enabling those who pursue this delightful branch of the Fine Arts, to enter into competition with, and rival the natives of other countries, and to provide for themselves the means of an honorable and comfortable livelihood. With this view it is proposed to found an Academy, to be called the "Royal Academy of Music," for the maintenance and general instruction in Music of a certain number of pupils, not exceeding at present fifty males and forty females. No student shall be admitted at an earlier age than 10 years, nor later than 15 years old. They must have received such previous instruction, as to be able to read and write with tolerable proficiency, and show some decided aptitude or disposition for Music; to be ascertained by the Professors and Masters in Council. Each student to pay 10 Guineas to the funds of the Establishment at his or her entry, and afterwards 10 Guineas per annum during the time they shall remain in the Academy. The pupil must always be properly attired. The children of Professors in Music, when properly certified to be so by the subscriber proposing them, shall be admitted at a subscription of 10 Guineas, and afterwards a yearly payment of 8 Guineas. The extra students, not regularly belonging to the Establishment, to be recommended by subscribers of the three first classes, and to pay 20 Guineas per annum to the funds of the Society, except where the students recommended shall be certified to be the children of Professors in Music, when their annual payments shall be 10 Guineas. No student shall remain in the Academy, and at the charge of the Institution, beyond the age of 18; but the Sub-committee may allow such students as they may think fit, to continue to receive instruction from the Masters of the establishment after that age, provided they continue the yearly payment they have made up to that period. To avoid expense and inconvenience to persons residing at a distance, exceeding 50 miles from London, such persons shall be allowed to be previously examined, as to their fitness, by three competent Masters of the district in which they reside, who shall transmit a certificate of qualification, in writing, to the Sub-committee, for their decision, as to their being placed on the list of candidates.

Subscribers—1st class, contributors of One Hundred Guineas or upwards in one payment, or Fifty Guineas, and an annual subscription of Five Guineas.—2nd class, of Fifty-five Guineas in one payment, or Ten Guineas, and an annual subscription of Five Guineas.—3rd class, of Thirty-five Guineas in one payment, or of Five Guineas and an annual subscription of Three Guineas.—4th class, of Twelve Guineas in one payment, or of an annual subscription under Three Guineas, and not less than One Guinea.—The first payment of Fifty, Ten, and Five Guineas, will include the description for the current year. The subscribers of the 1st class are to be Governors, and may introduce two persons to all the concerts, trials, or rehearsals, which shall take place in the Institution, and all public examinations; they will also have the recommendation and election of students to be admitted into the Academy, and will have three votes for each student at each election. The subscribers of the 2d class are to have the same

privileges as those of the 1st class, except that they will have two votes at the election of the students, and may introduce one person to the concerts, rehearsals, and examinations. The subscribers of the 3d class are to have the same privileges as the former classes, except that they will have one vote at the election of the students, and a free admission for themselves to the concerts, rehearsals, and examinations. The subscribers of the 4th class will be entitled to a free admission to the public examinations of the pupils. The admission of the students will be by ballot.

Subscriptions to be paid into the hands of Messrs. Coutts and Co. on or before the 25th October in each year.

DIRECTORS.

The Duke of Devonshire, President.

The Archbishop of York.

The Marquis of Ailesbury.

The Earl Fortescue.

The Earl of Darby.

Vice-Presidents.

The Duke of Wellington.

The Marquis of Cholmondeley.

The Earl of Brownlow.

The Earl of Winton.

The Earl of Belmore.

The Earl of Scarborough.

The Earl of Fife.

The Earl of Mount Edgemount.

The Earl of Blessington.

The Earl of Morley.

Lord Ravensworth.

The Vice-Chancellor.

Sir Geo. Warrender, Bart.

Sir James Langham, Bart.

The Hon. John Villiers.

G. West Taylor, Esq. M.P.

William Curtis, Esq.

Francis Fretling, Esq.

J. Julius Angerstein, Esq.

Sub-Committee.

Lord Brougham.

Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart.

Count St. Antonio.

Sir And. Barnard, K.C.B.

Sir John Murray, Bart.

The Hon. Arch. Macdonald.

Full particulars may be had, on application to the principal Booksellers at Bath, Hereford, Gloucester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leeds, York, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, or at 40, Pall-mall.

* Dr. Crotch, Professor of Music in the University of Oxford, is named the Principal of the Royal Academy; and arrangements are making to procure the assistance of the most eminent Professors of the country to conduct the education of the pupils.

A List of the Subscribers will immediately be published; in the mean time, it is requested that such Ladies and Gentlemen as intend to support the Academy, will send their names to No. 40, Pall-mall, or Messrs. Coutts, Strand.

Immediately will be published, **REPORT OF THE TRIAL in the ACTION OF DAMAGES**, Professor JOHN LESLIE versus WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, on account of some Articles which appeared in Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, in the July Court, July 28, 1822. Taken in Short-hand by JOHN DEW, Esq. W.S. Printed for T. Cadell, Strand, London; and W. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

Pope's Works.—In the Press, a New Edition of the **POETICAL and MISCELLANEOUS WORKS OF ALEXANDER POPE**, including the Notes of Warburton, Warton, and various Commentators, with a New Life of the Author, and Annotations. By WILLIAM MOSCOP, Esq. Printed for T. Cadell, and the other Proprietors.

Smirke's Illustrations of Lalla Rookh. On the 1st of August was published, price 2s. Embellished with an illustration of Lalla Rookh, finely engraved by J. H. Robinson, from a Painting by R. Smirke, R.A.—Fashionable Walking and Ball Dresses, in Colours.

THE LADY'S MAGAZINE; or, Mirror of the Belles-Lettres, Fashion, Fine Arts, Music, Drama, &c. for August 1, 1822, containing, among other articles, An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Thomas Moore—Original Letters, written by the celebrated Mary Robinson, most interestingly illustrative of the few last months of her life [To be continued].—A Survey of the State of Female Society among the Ancient Greeks.—The Ball Room.—The Power of Early and Mutual Affection.—Holman's Travels through France—Descriptive Thoughts—Lessons for an Actress—Anecdotes of French Theatrical Performers—Travels in Greece.—Sir Walter Scott's Holidin Hill.—O'Meara's Napoleon in Exile.—Remarks on Music, as a prevailing and important Feature of Female Education.—Review of New Music.—An Account of the Ladies' Monument.—Dramatic Intelligence.—Original Poetry by the late Peter Pindar, &c.

* The Pub. is respectfully informed, that in the Number for September will be given the second of a Series of Six Engravings, illustrative of Mr. Moore's celebrated Poem of Lalla Rookh. They will be Engraved in the finest manner, by C. Heath, W. Finden, J. H. Robinson, and J. Romney, from Paintings by R. Smirke, Esq. R.A.

London: Published by S. Robinson, Paternoster-row; J. Miller, 60, Fleet-street; and sold by all the bookellers of the United Kingdom.

Just published, price 2s. To be continued Quarterly, No. V. of

THE NEW EDINBURGH REVIEW.

Contents.—I. Dibbon's Bibliographical Tour and French publications relative to it.—II. Orsman Anti-Quaries: I. Bodwell's Classical and Topographical Tour; 2. Laurence's Recollections of a Classical Tour in Greece, &c.—III. Kirby and Speece's Entomology.—IV. Campbell's Travels in South Africa.—V. Haro on the Stomach, &c.—VI. Allan Cunningham's Essay on the Stomach, &c.—VII. Howison on Sentiments of Attraction, &c.—VIII. Dr. Hunter on the Latin Verb, and Cæson on the Relative.—IX. Bracebridge Hall.—X. Lights and Shadow of Scottish Life.—XI. Croft's Catiline.—XII. Shipwreck of La Sophie.—XIII. Chinese Novels.—XIV. Carr's Introduction to Newton's Principles.—XV. Sir Walter Scott's Holidin Hill.—XVI. List of New Publications.—XVII. Literary and Scientific Information of Works in the Press or preparing for Publication.

Printed for Waugh & James, Edinburgh; and G. & W. B. Whittaker, Ave-Maria-lane; and sold by Hatchard & Son, W. & Sons, and J. M. Richardson, London; J. P. Colver, Oxford; Deighton & Sons, Cambridge; and J. Canning, Dublin.

On Wednesday, July 31, was published, **BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, No. LXVI. for July 1822.

Contents.—I. Letters from a Protestant Layman to Christopher North, Esq. on Mr. Canning's Speech, and on the Letter of the Catholic Layman.—II. The National Separation.—III. Milner's Belshazzar.—IV. Tristram cerus Brande.—V. Letter from Philadelphia to the Public.—VIII. Letter from a Gentleman of the Press to Christopher North, Esq.—IX. Dale's Ind and Adam.—XI. First Notes of an Incipient Balled-Measure.—XII. Picking up after an English Country Ball.—XIII. Bowyer's Grave of the last Son.—XIII. Farewell to my Friends.—XIV. Metempsychosis.—XV. Green's Guide to the Lakes of England.—XVI. The Earl of Liverpool.—XVII. Another Oxford Contraband.—XVIII. The Quarterly Review, No. 22.—XIX. Noctes Ambrosianæ, No. 3, &c. &c.

Printed for T. Cadell, Strand, London; and Wm. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

On Wednesday, July 31, was published,

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

for AUGUST, containing, among other Papers, I. Sketches of the Irish Bard, No. 1. Pinckney II. Napoleon in Exile.—III. New Dialogues of the Dead.—IV. Letters on England: The Theatre.—V. The Poetry of Life.—VI. The London Apprentice.—VII. The Gallery of Apollo.—VIII. The Lib.—IX. On the Bridal Customs of the Irish.—X. Peter Plunderer, No. 2.—XI. Advantages of having no Head.—XII. Letters on Switzerland, No. 2.—XIII. On the Game of Chess in Europe, during the 13th century.—XIV. Literary Recollections of London.—XV. On the Republic of Plato.—XVI. On Ases.—XVII. Caprice.—XVIII. Second Sight.—XIX. Original Poetry.—XX. Review of A. B. Books, New Music, and the Drama.—XXI. Pins Arts.—XXII. Varieties, Literary and Philosophical.—XXIII. Useful Arts, New Inventions, and Discoveries.—XXIV. Reports: Literary, Agricultural, and Commercial.—XXV. Important Occurrences, Domestic and Foreign.

Printed for Henry Colburn & Co. Conduit-street.

Of whom may be had, the first Three Volumes of this Journal, for the Year 1821, price 2s. 2s. neatly half-bound, or any separate Number.

THE EDINBURGH MAGAZINE, and

Literary Miscellany, being a New Series of the Scots Magazine, for July 1822.

Contents.—Notice to Correspondents.—Gastave's Adventures in Warsaw.—Characteristics omitted in Crahan's Parish Register, No. II.—Register of Births.—Register of Marriages.—Register of Burials.—The Fine Arts in London, Part II.—Spring Exhibition, Somerset House.—Hallow Hill, a Dramatic Sketch from Scottish History.—By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.—What shall I write?—The Literary Legacy, No. VII.—The Ride of Belshazzar (continued).—Prescott's Pretended Melancholia of the Newtonian Philosophy.—Extracts from "Dante's poem," a Fine Poem, by Mrs. Hemans.—Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life.—Helen Wodden, No. I.—Helen Wodden, No. II.—Mr. Milman's Belshazzar.—Foreign Slave Trade.—Modern Pantheism.—Bracebridge Hall, or the Humors.—A true and authentic History of "Ill Tam," No. VI.—Leslie's Geometrical Analysis, and Geometry of Curve Lines.—London Theatrical Correspondence.—Statutes, on having a Highland Pipe.—Literary Intelligence.—Monthly Register, &c.

Printed for Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. Chesapeake, London.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF THE KING.
MR. DUFIEF'S NEW SYSTEM OF EDUCATION.

Literary Pledge Redeemed.

MR. DUFIEF has the honour of announcing to the Friends and Promoters of Education, and to the Public in general, that the Fifth Edition of "Nature Displayed, in her mode of teaching Languages to Man, adapted to the French," containing his last improvements and considerable additions, comprised in two large volumes, 8vo., consisting of nearly 1400 pages, closely printed on fine paper, is just published, at the reduced price of Twenty-four Shillings, and may be had of all Booksellers.

In announcing the Fifth Edition of a Work already honoured with the most extensive patronage, Mr. Dufief respectfully solicits the attention of the Public to the following statement, as it will give some idea of the great national importance of the Work, which he, with due deference, submits to the candid judgment of the British Nation.

"I have said it already, and I repeat the assertion, that it is Nature which is our first instructor. Hence I infer that the only way to arrive at Inventions or Discoveries is to do as she teaches us."

Abbe de Condillac.

"The uniformity in the proceedings of the human mind, is a circumstance which cannot fail to attract the notice of the attentive observer. In every step towards any improvement, it never fails to proceed on the same principles, and to observe the same rules; and, should any real improvement result from its progress, it is not so much from conceiving new rules, as from simplifying those with which it was before acquainted."—Philosophy of Language.

The above two quotations seem peculiarly adapted to give a just idea of the history, progress, and conclusion of this Work. The first points out the source whence it has drawn the principles on which it is grounded—principles which belong to Nature, and are offered to our contemplation in order that we may avail ourselves of them for our own immediate and permanent use. I have, in the Introduction to this Work, and to which I refer the reader, dwelt at considerable length on those principles or laws; and I have pointed out what they are, that every one may be convinced of their excellence and incalculable advantages to society. The second sentence, from Condillac, is no less correct than the first; for, if a real discovery or invention is made, it is only because it is an application to the laws of Nature to effect a particular purpose: as no other laws can be founded on truth. Experience daily confirms the verity of these remarks.

The second quotation satisfactorily accounts for the various improvements which every succeeding edition has exhibited, which improvements have rendered the present system of tuition more and more natural, that is to say, more and more simple. Ignorance and learned presumption perplex and render every thing complicated; while Nature does the very reverse. As every one of her processes is a sublime model of simplicity. I consider the present edition as the last simplicity. I shall ever publish, so far as regards improvements; for I have brought the system as near perfection as I believe it to be possible. I trust it will be obvious to any one, who bestows a sufficient degree of attention on the development of this system, that it has now reached the last stage or degree of analysis; or, in other words, that I have succeeded in reaching the elements, by going from the compound to the simple. It is therefore impossible to go a single step beyond, unless an all-powerful hand should either refine our senses, or add to them.

In the Introduction I enumerated five and twenty of the advantages peculiar to this unique system; I then stop, lest the reader should be satisfied. However, I ought then to have closed the list with the following singular advantage of this system: that it will effectually destroy quackery in Education, by acting as does the test of the goldsmith towards the base metal which is tendered as pure; for the new system measures all others, without being measured by them. The self-styled inventors of new methods will, therefore, seldom trouble the public hereafter with their imaginary discoveries, for fear of the exposure which inevitably awaits them.

The well-wishers to the cause of Education will be gratified to hear that the present system has made gigantic strides, not only in the United Kingdom, but in every part of Europe and America. In Asia too, it has created the most powerful sensation, as will be seen from the following public document, to which I entreat the attentive perusal of the reader.

"I published, in the New World, when very young, an Essay on 'The Philosophy of Language.' I intend to re-publish it at a future period, with those additions and improvements which time and reflection have since enabled me to make."

Extract from the Report of the Committee of the Calcutta School-Book Society; read at the First Annual General Meeting of the Subscribers, held at the Town Hall of that City:—

"Your Committee has, in conclusion, to advert to a very remarkable Work, which has strongly attracted their attention, intitled 'Nature Displayed,' by Mr. N. G. Dufief. The truths of most importance to mankind commonly lie long dormant, acknowledged indeed, but not duly prized; till some one, gifted with common sense and sagacity, surpassing those of his contemporaries, points out to the world their momentous practical uses and corollaries."

"Mr. Dufief has himself observed, what is indeed sufficiently obvious, that his manner of teaching a language is not suited to the case of the French only. It is for this Institution steadily to keep the principle in view, and seize opportunities, as they occur, of applying it to all the languages within its sphere of operation and usefulness."

"Your Committee, adverting to the uncommon merit of the Work, and considering its dissemination as calculated to produce just ideas on the subject of school books, and as furnishing an admirable model for the preparation of many, have encouraged a proposed re-publication in Calcutta, by subscribing for seventy copies." &c. &c.

Committee.

Hon. Sir E. H. East, late Chief Justice.
J. H. Harrington, Esq.
W. B. Hayley, Esq.
Rev. W. Carey, D. D.
Rev. T. Parson.
Rev. T. Theobald.
Major J. W. Taylor.
James Calder, Esq. Treasurer.
Lieut. D. Bryce, Collector.
Lieut. F. Irvine, Recording Secretary.
E. S. Montague, Esq. Corresponding Secretary.
Mowlahee Uth Doolwahid, National Secretary.
Bahoo Tarinee Chorum Mir, National Secretary.
Mowlahee Curum Hoosyn.
Mritynjoy Biswasnagar.
Mowlahee Uth Doolwahid.
Bahoo Radhacanth Deb.
Mowlahee Moommud Rashid.
Bahoo Ram Comul Sen.

I shall merely remark, on the above document, that its value and importance are greatly enhanced by the circumstance, that not one of the four-and-twenty gentlemen who made it, have the least personal acquaintance with the author. I beg them, therefore, to accept my warmest thanks for their liberality, and the tribute of my admiration for their ardent zeal in promoting the cause of education, which is a cause that affects all mankind."

I am now so truly convinced that this system contains all the original elements of tuition, which are grounded on the very nature of the understanding itself—elements which had, for the most part, escaped attention; that, animated with the same spirit which made the mathematicians of the sixteenth century challenge one another in the solution of difficult problems—a spirit of love and enthusiasm for the progress of science, I fearlessly challenge all the instructors of youth in Europe and America to point out what elementary principle of education has been omitted or overlooked; and in what this system can be at variance with itself; for I have asserted that this method "renovates or strengthens the faculties of the mind, by bringing into action every mental and physical organ engaged in the learning of language, and directing the whole with simultaneous energy towards one and the same end."

I respectfully invite the lovers of Education in particular, the learned, the curious, and all those who are desirous of observing by what simple means Nature produces great effects, to read with attention the Introduction to this Work. I am the more urgently invited to make this request, since the principles therein developed are effecting a very extensive reform in the Science of Instruction in every part of the civilized world; and I flatter myself, that those who have duly reflected on language, its effects on the human mind, and the powerful influence of methods, which are the pinnacles of the mind, will not accuse me of forming an exaggerated opinion of this production, in which is

"I really cannot help feeling some surprise that the Hon. East India Company, amongst whom are so many enlightened and patriotic gentlemen, have not yet been duly sensible of the incalculable advantages which would result, should this system of lingual instruction be introduced in their colleges, and in their extensive dominions, as it would certainly tend to consolidate the British Empire in Asia."

I now beg to solicit the earnest attention of his Excellency the Right Hon. G. Canning, the Governor-General of India, to this most important object. I am confident that the appeal I now make will be duly considered by a gentleman who is one of the brightest ornaments of the present age, and who has rendered his King and Country signal and numerous services."

unfolded the True British System of Education; for it is the legacy which the immortal Locke bequeathed to society, and which, though unemployed for more than a century, has now devolved into hands which, however humble, will endeavour to do it justice, and to transmit the noble charge unimpaired to posterity.

In the first edition of this Work, I pledged myself to reduce its price, if sufficient patronage warranted its being stereotyped. It has been so; and the great expense of having the plates cast having been liberally repaid, it now remains with me to redeem my pledge. I, therefore, offer it to the public, through the medium of the booksellers, at a considerable reduction on the original price, which, considering the extensive additions to this edition, is equivalent to an abatement of at least five-and-twenty per cent.; and what renders its cheapness still more evident, is, that no other book is wanted for instruction in the French Language, and one single copy may serve several people, or a whole family. Let those, then, who are interested in pecuniary calculations, but estimate the amount of all the books required on the old plan, during a number of years of painful drudgery, and they will wonder at the sum expended, or rather thrown away; and deplore, at the same time, the great loss or deterioration of intellect, occasioned by following the most false and anti-logical of all methods, which has unaccountably been suffered to degrade the human understanding for so many centuries.

No. 2, Ely-place, Holborn.

N. G. DUFIEF.

No. 4, of
ZOOLOGICAL RESEARCHES in the
Island of JAVA, &c. &c. with Figures of Native
Quadrupeds and Birds.

By THOMAS HORSFIELD, M.D. F.R.S.
To be comprised in Eight Numbers, Royal 4to. 2ls. each. Each Number will consist of Eight coloured Plates, representing Quadrupeds and Birds: in most Numbers one additional uncoloured Plate of Illustrations will be added. Each Plate will be accompanied by a portion of Explanatory Matter.

Printed for Kingsbury, Parbury, & Allen, Leadenhall-street.

Standard School Books.
ELEMENTS OF GREEK GRAMMAR,
with Notes for the use of those who have made some progress in the Language.

By R. VALPY, D.D. F.R.S.
In 8vo. price 6s. 6d. boards. Eighth Edition.
Printed by A. J. Valpy; and sold by Whittaker; Longman; Baldwin; Lackington; Richardson, London; Macneille, Edinburgh; Cumming, Dublin; and all other Booksellers.

Of the same may be had, bound.
Homer's Iliad; a new Edition, Latin Dialogues, 2s. 6d.
tion, with English Notes, Cicero de Amicitia et de Senectute, with English Notes, &c. By Barker, 6s. 6d.
Homer's Iliad, from the Text of Heyne, 7s. 6d.
Horace, with English Notes to the Odes, 3s. 6d.
Horace, no Notes, 3s. 6d.
A new Edition of Virgil, 8mo. 3d edition, 4s.
The same, with English Notes, from Delphin, &c. no Interp. 7s. 6d.
The same, with Heyne's Text, and Delphin Latin Notes, no Interpretation, 10s. 6d.
Caesar's Commentaries, do. 10s. 6d.
Juvenal, do. 8s.
Sallust, do. 6s.
Juvenal, text only, 3s. 6d.
Do. English Notes, 5s. 6d.
Gradus, without Verses or Phrases, 7s. 6d.
Elegantiae Latinae, 4s. 6d.
Greek Dialects, 4s.
Latin Grammar, 3s. 6d.
Dialects, 2s. 6d.
Amphitrye, Anularia, Captives, and Rudens, of Epitome Sacre Historiarum, Plautus, with English Notes, 4s. 6d.
Latin Vocabulary, 2s.
First Exercises, 1s. 6d.
The New Reader, 3s. 6d.
* Ask for Valpy's Editions of the above.

London: Printed for the Proprietors, and Published every Saturday, by W. A. SCHUBERT, at the Literary Gazette Office, 33, (Exeter Change) Strand; and 7, South Moulton Street, Oxford Street; sold also by E. Marborough, Ave Maria Lane, Ludgate Hill; and J. Chappell & Son, 16, Royal Exchange.
B. DENSLEY, Printer, Bolt-Court, Fleet-Street.